Pinocchio and His Companions Walked and Walked Until They Came to the Gray Goose Inn.
PREFACE

The delightful story of Pinocchio was written by an Italian named Signor Lorenzini about fifty years ago. Although it closely resembles a folk tale, it is a true fairy story. Lorenzini wrote several other stories for children; but for a long time he was unknown to his readers because he wrote under the assumed name of C. Collodi, which was the name of his native town.

SIDNEY G. FIRMAN.
# CONTENTS

| The Story of a Marionette                      | 11 |
| Master Cherry’s Visitor                      | 13 |
| The Marionette                               | 17 |
| Pinocchio Runs Away                          | 22 |
| The Talking Cricket                          | 24 |
| Pinocchio’s Hunger                           | 29 |
| Pinocchio Loses His Feet                     | 31 |
| Gepetto Returns Home                         | 33 |
| The New Feet                                 | 37 |
| Pinocchio Sets Out for School                | 42 |
| Pinocchio Goes to the Show                   | 45 |
| Fire-Eater Pardons Pinocchio                 | 49 |
| The Fox and the Cat                          | 51 |
| The Gray Goose Inn                           | 57 |
| The Assassins                                | 60 |
| Pinocchio Is Hung on the Big Oak             | 66 |
| Pinocchio Is Saved by the Fairy with Blue Hair | 70 |
| Pinocchio Refuses the Medicine               | 73 |
| Pinocchio Is Robbed of His Money and Is Sent to Prison | 83 |
| Pinocchio Is Caught in a Trap                | 88 |
| Pinocchio Discovers the Robbers              | 93 |
| Pinocchio Goes to Find the Fairy and His Father | 97 |
| Pinocchio Reaches the Island of the Industrious Bees | 101 |
| Pinocchio Decides to Be a Good Boy           | 109 |
| Pinocchio Goes to School                     | 111 |
| Pinocchio Goes to See the Dog-Fish           | 113 |
| Pinocchio Jumps into the Sea                 | 123 |
| Pinocchio Is Rescued from the Fisher-Man     | 128 |

(7)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENTS</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Pinocchio Invites the Boys to His Party</strong></td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Pinocchio Goes to the Land of Blockheads</strong></td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Pinocchio Has Donkey Ears</strong></td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Pinocchio Is Sold</strong></td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Pinocchio Is Swallowed by a Fish</strong></td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Cottage</strong></td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Pinocchio Becomes a Real Boy</strong></td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ILLUSTRATIONS</td>
<td>PAGE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Piece of Wood Struck Gepetto a Terrible Blow</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Pinocchio, Give Me Back My Wig!” He Shouted</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Hold Your Tongue, You Wicked Cricket!” Shouted Pinocchio</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He Made Pinocchio a Suit of Clothes from Some Wall-Paper That Was Covered with Pretty Flowers</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Showman Was Named Fire-Eater</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then He Took Out the Money That Fire-Eater Had Given Him</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then They Drew Out Two Long Knives and Tried to Stab Him</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So They Hung Pinocchio to the Branch of a Tree</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Doctors Came at Once</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Just Then the Door Opened and Four Black Rabbits Entered</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Listen to Me, Then,” Said the Parrot</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“My Name Is Not Melampo,” Said the Marionette</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They Saw a Little Boy Jump from a Rock into the Sea</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Drink, My Boy, if You Wish To,” Said the Little Woman</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He Turned and Saw Two Soldiers</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fisher-Man Was Furious at Seeing His Fish Snatched from Him</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Is the Fairy at Home?” Asked the Marionette</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
"You Brayed Well, I Knew Your Voices" ........ 147
Instead of a Dead Donkey, He Pulled Up a Live Marionette ........................................... 153
The Gardener Taught Him How to Turn the Pumping Machine ........................................... 163
ONCE upon a time there was a piece of wood. It was not worth much. It was only a piece of fire-wood like those that we burn in winter in the stove or in the fire-place to warm the rooms.

I cannot say how it happened; but one fine day an old carpenter found this piece of wood in his shop. The name of the carpenter was Master Antonio, but almost everybody called him Master Cherry because the end of his nose was almost as red as a ripe cherry.

When Master Cherry saw the piece of wood he was pleased. He rubbed his hands together with delight, and said softly to himself:

"This wood has come just at the right time. I will use it to make a leg for the table."

As soon as he had said this, he took a sharp ax to cut away the bark. But before he could strike the first blow, he stopped with the ax held high in the air. He had heard a very small voice say, "Do not strike me so hard!"

Master Cherry was very much surprised. He turned his eyes all around the room to see where the little voice came from. He looked
under the bench. He looked in the cupboard. He looked in the basket of shavings. He even opened the door of the shop and looked into the street; but no one could he see.

At last Master Cherry laughed and began to scratch his head.

"I see how it all is," he said. "I only thought I heard some one speak."

Again he took up the ax, and this time he struck the piece of wood a terrible blow.

"Oh! you have hurt me!" cried the same little voice.

Master Cherry stood as still as if he had turned to stone. His eyes started out of his head with fright. His mouth remained open, and his tongue hung down almost to the edge of his chin.

He was trembling with fear, but as soon as he was able to speak, he said:

"Where on earth did that little voice come from? There is no one here. Is it possible this piece of wood has learned to cry and speak like a child? I cannot believe it. It is only a piece of fire-wood. If I threw it on the fire, it would boil a pot of beans. Can anyone be hiding inside it? If anyone is hiding there, so much the worse for him. I will settle him at once."
As he said this, he took the poor piece of wood in his hands and began to beat it against the wall.

Then he stopped to listen to see if he could hear the little voice. He waited two minutes. He waited five minutes. He waited ten minutes, but he could hear nothing.

"I see how it all is," said he as he tried to laugh and pushed his wig back into place. "I only thought I heard some one speak."

But all the time he was frightened, and he tried to sing to give himself a little courage.

He put aside the ax and took his plane, but as soon as he began to smooth the wood, the little voice laughed and said:

"Stop! You are tickling me!"

This time Master Cherry fell down as if he had been struck by lightning. At last, when he opened his eyes, he found himself sitting on the floor. His face was quite white, and the end of his nose, instead of being red, had become blue from fright.

At that moment some one knocked at the door.
“Come in,” said the carpenter; for he did not have the strength to rise to his feet.

A little old man at once walked into the shop. His name was Gepetto, but some of the bad boys called him “Indian Pudding,” because his yellow wig looked so much like a pudding.

“Good day, Master Antonio,” said Gepetto. “What are you doing there on the floor?”

“I am teaching the A. B. C.’s to the ants,” said Antonio. “What can I do for you?”

“I have come to ask a favor of you,” said Gepetto.

“Well, here I am, ready to serve you,” replied the carpenter, as he rose to his knees.

“This morning an idea came into my head,” said Gepetto. “I thought I would make a wonderful puppet or marionette that could run and jump. With it I could travel about the world and earn a living.”

“Good for you, Indian Pudding,” shouted the same little voice that had frightened Antonio.

Gepetto was very angry and said, “Why do you insult me?”

“I did not insult you,” said Antonio.

“Yes, you did,” said Gepetto. “I heard what you said, but I shall not quarrel with you. Give
The Piece of Wood Struck Gepetto a Terrible Blow
me a piece of wood so I can make my marionette, and I shall go home and not trouble you again.”

Master Antonio was delighted. He went to the bench and got the piece of wood that had frightened him. But just as he was going to give it to his friend, the piece of wood jumped out of his hands and struck Gepetto a terrible blow upon the knees.

“You have a nice way of giving presents,” said Gepetto. “You have almost lamed me!”

“I did not do it. It was the wood,” said Antonio.

“I do not believe you,” said Gepetto, as he limped out of the door with the piece of wood in his hand.

THE MARIONETTE

Gepetto lived in a small room with one window. The only furniture he had was an old chair, a bed, and a broken table. At one end of the room there was a fire-place in which a fire was burning; but the fire was painted. Over the fire was a painted kettle that seemed to be boiling and sending out clouds of steam.

As soon as he reached home, Gepetto took his tools and began to make his marionette.

“What name shall I give him?” he said to
himself. "I think I shall call him Pinocchio. It is a name that will bring him luck. I once knew a whole family that was named Pinocchio. The father was named Pinocchio. The mother was named Pinocchia, and the little children were named Pinocchi, and all of them did well."

Having found a name for the marionette, he began to work in earnest. First he made the hair, then the forehead, and then the eyes.

As soon as the eyes were finished, he was surprised to see them move and begin to stare at him. Soon he became angry and said:

"Wooden eyes, why do you stare at me?"

No one answered.

Then he took his knife and made the nose, but as soon as he had finished it, it began to grow. And it grew, and it grew, until it seemed as if it never would stop growing.

Gepetto cut it off, and cut it off, until he was tired, but it only grew longer and longer.

Before he had finished the mouth, it began to laugh and make fun of him. "Stop laughing!" said Gepetto; but he might as well have spoken to the wall.

"Stop laughing, I say!" he shouted in an angry voice.
“Pinocchio, Give Me Back My Wig!” He Shouted
The mouth then stopped laughing, but stuck out its tongue as far as it would go.

Gepetto pretended not to see this, and went on with his work. After the mouth was finished, he made the chin, then the throat, then the arms and the hands.

As soon as he had made the hands, Gepetto felt his wig pulled off. He turned around, and what do you think he saw? He saw his yellow wig in the hands of the marionette.

“Pinocchio, give me back my wig!” he shouted.

But instead of giving it back, Pinocchio put it on his own head, and was almost smothered by it.

Pinocchio’s conduct made Gepetto feel very sad. He dried a tear and said:

“You young rascal! You are not yet finished, and still you do not have respect for your father. You are a bad, bad boy!”

Then he began to make the legs and the feet, but before they were finished they began to kick him.

“I deserve it,” he said to himself. “I should have thought of it before. Now it is too late.”

Then he placed the marionette on the floor.
and began to teach him to walk. At first his legs were stiff, and he could not move. But Gepetto held him by the hand and showed him how to put one foot before the other.

PINOCCHIO RUNS AWAY

After a few moments Pinocchio began to walk and then to run about the room. At last he jumped through the open door and ran down the street.

Gepetto ran after him, but he was not able to catch him. Pinocchio leaped like a rabbit. His wooden feet made more noise on the pavement than twenty pair of heavy shoes.

"Stop him! Stop him!" shouted Gepetto.

But the people only stood still with wonder, as the marionette ran past them like a race-horse. They only laughed at Gepetto as he ran after him.

At last a soldier heard the noise and thought that a colt had escaped from his master. He placed himself in the middle of the road with his feet spread apart so nothing could pass him.

When Pinocchio saw him, he tried to escape him by passing between his legs. But the soldier caught him by the nose and held him fast.
It was a very large nose and just the size to be held by a soldier.

As soon as the soldier put Pinocchio into the hands of Gepetto, he tried to punish him by pulling his ears. But just think how surprised he was because he could not find them. In his hurry to finish the marionette, he had forgotten to make the ears.

So he took him by the neck and led him away. As they went along Gepetto said:

“We will go home now and settle this affair.”

But Pinocchio threw himself on the ground and would not take another step. Soon a crowd of idle persons gathered and made a ring about them. Some of them said one thing, and some another.

“Poor marionette!” said several. “He is right in not wishing to go home. Who knows how that bad old Gepetto will beat him!”

Some one said: “Gepetto seems like a good man, but with boys he is very cruel. If that poor marionette is left in his hands, he will tear him in pieces.”

So at last the soldier set Pinocchio free, and led Gepetto away to prison. The poor man, who
had done nothing wrong, cried like a child. When he came to the prison, he said:

"Wicked boy! And I tried so hard to make a good marionette! But it serves me right. I should have thought of it before."

What was done afterwards is a story that is very hard to believe, but I will tell it to you just as it happened.

THE TALKING CRICKET

While poor Gepetto was being taken to prison for no fault of his, that imp Pinocchio, finding himself free from the hands of the soldier, ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. In order that he might reach home quicker, he ran across the fields. In his hurry he jumped over banks, hedges, and ditches full of water, just as a wild animal would have done if chased by hunters.

When he came to the house, he found the door was not locked. So he opened it and went in. He threw himself on the floor to rest, but he quickly got up again. He heard some one in the room who was saying, "Cri-cri-cri!"

"Who calls me?" said Pinocchio in a fright. "It is I!" said the voice.
“Hold Your Tongue, You Wicked Cricket!” Shouted Pinocchio
Pinocchio turned around and saw a big cricket crawling slowly up the wall.

"Tell me, Cricket, who may you be?" said he. "I am the Talking Cricket," it said, "and I have lived here for more than a hundred years."

"It doesn't matter how long you have lived here," said the marionette. "The room is mine now, and you will do me a favor by going away at once, without even turning around."

"I will not go away," said the Cricket, "until I have told you a great truth."

"Tell it to me, then," said Pinocchio, "and be quick about it."

"Woe to those boys who rebel against their parents, and run away from home," said the Cricket. "They will never have any good luck, and sooner or later, they will be very sorry."

"Sing away, little Cricket, as long as you please," said Pinocchio. "But I have made up my mind to run away to-morrow morning as soon as it is light. If I stay here, what happens to other boys will happen to me also. I shall be sent to school and shall be made to study. To tell you the truth, I do not wish to study. It is much more amusing to run after butterflies and to climb trees and take young birds out of their nests."
"Poor little goose!" said the Cricket. "Do you not know that you will grow up to be a perfect donkey, and every one will make fun of you?"

"Hold your tongue, you wicked old Cricket!" shouted Pinocchio.

But the Cricket was not angry. It only said: "But if you do not wish to go to school, why do you not learn a trade? Then you will be able to earn a piece of bread."

"Do you want me to tell you?" replied Pinocchio. "Well, I will tell you. Among all the trades in the world there is only one that I like."

"And what is that?" asked the Cricket.

"It is to eat, drink, sleep, and amuse myself, and to lead an idle life from morning until night."

"As a rule," said the Talking Cricket, "those who follow that trade end in a hospital or in a prison."

"Take care," said Pinocchio, "or you will make me angry."

"Poor Pinocchio! How I pity you!" said the Cricket.

"Why do you pity me?" said he.

"Because you are a marionette," said the
Cricket, “and what is worse, you have a wooden head.”

At these last words Pinocchio jumped up in a rage, and taking a wooden mallet from the bench, he threw it at the Talking Cricket. Perhaps he never meant to hit him; but unfortunately he struck him exactly on the head. The poor cricket had hardly breath to cry out “Cricri-cri” before he was flattened against the wall.

**PINOCCHIO’S HUNGER**

Night was coming on, and Pinocchio remembered that he had eaten nothing all day. He began to feel a gnawing in his stomach that was very much like an appetite. In fact, his hunger grew so quickly that he could hardly wait for something to eat.

He ran to the fire-place, where a kettle was boiling. He was about to take off the lid to see what was in it, when he saw that the kettle was only painted on the wall. You can imagine his feelings. His nose began to grow again, and became three inches longer.

Then he began to run about the room. He looked in drawers and in every other place for a bit of bread. He thought there must be a crust
of bread or a bone, but he could find nothing at all.

And all the time his hunger grew and grew until he felt as if he should faint. Then he began to cry and said:

"The Talking Cricket was right. It was wrong to disobey my father and run away from home. If he were here now, I should not be dying of hunger. Oh! what a dreadful thing hunger is!"

Just then he thought he saw something on the floor. It was round and white and looked like a hen's egg. He sprang and seized it. It was indeed an egg.

Pinocchio was overjoyed. Thinking it was a dream, he kept turning the egg over in his hands. He felt it and kissed it, and as he kissed it, he said:

"Now how shall I cook it? Shall I make an omelet? Shall I fry it? Or, shall I boil it? No, the quickest way of all is to cook it in a bowl of hot water. I am in such a hurry to eat it."

So he placed a bowl on a brazier full of red-hot coals. He poured a little water into the bowl. When the water began to boil, he broke the eggshell over it, so that the egg might drop in. But
instead of the yolk and the white, a little chicken hopped out. It was very gay and polite. It made a bow and said:

“Many thanks, Master Pinocchio, for saving me the trouble of breaking the shell. Good-by until we meet again. Keep well and give my best wishes to all at home.”

As it said this, it flew through the open window and was soon lost to sight.

The poor marionette stood there staring out of the window. His mouth was open and the empty egg-shell was in his hand. But as soon as his surprise was over, he began to cry and scream and stamp his feet on the floor. Between his sobs, he said:

“Yes, the Talking Cricket was right. If I had not run away from home, and if my papa were here, I should not now be dying of hunger! What a terrible thing it is to be hungry!”

The sight of food had made him more hungry than ever. So he thought he would leave the house and go out to look for some one who would give him a piece of bread.

It was a wild and stormy night. The thunder was terrible and the lightning was so bright
that the sky seemed on fire. A strong wind was blowing clouds of dust over the streets and making the trees creak as it passed.

Pinocchio was afraid of thunder, but hunger was stronger than fear. So he closed the door and ran to the village. He ran so fast that he panted like a dog after a chase.

But he found the village all dark and deserted. The shops were closed, the windows were shut, and there was not even a dog in the street. It seemed like the land of the dead.

Pinocchio took hold of a door-bell and began to ring it with all his might. He said to himself, "That will bring somebody."

And so it did. A little old man appeared at a window with a night-cap on his head and called to him in an angry voice:

"What do you want at such an hour of the night?"

"Would you be kind enough to give me a little bread?" said Pinocchio.

"Wait there and I will come back directly," said the little old man.

He thought the marionette was one of the bad boys who ring door-bells at night to disturb people who are sleeping.
In half a minute the window was opened again, and the voice of the little old man called to Pinocchio: “Come near the house and hold out your cap.”

Pinocchio pulled off his cap, but just as he held it out a great basin of water was poured down on him. It wet him from head to foot as if he had been a pot of dried-up roses.

Pinocchio went home like a wet chicken. He was tired and hungry, and so he sat down and put his feet on the brazier to dry them.

And then he fell asleep; and while he was asleep, his feet, which were made of wood, took fire and were burned to cinders. Pinocchio slept on as if his feet belonged to some one else. At last, about daybreak, he awoke because some one was knocking at the door.

“Who is there?” he asked, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

“It is I!” answered a voice.

And the voice was the voice of Gepetto.

Poor Pinocchio, whose eyes were not half open yet, had not noticed that his feet were burned off. So as soon as he heard his father,
he jumped up and started for the door. But after he had stumbled two or three times, he fell flat on the floor. The noise he made in falling was like that of a bag of wood that had been thrown from a fifth story window.

“Open the door!” shouted Gepetto from the street.

“Dear papa, I cannot,” said the marionette, as he cried and rolled about on the floor.

“Why can’t you?” asked Gepetto.

“Because my feet have been eaten,” said Pinocchio.

“And who has eaten your feet?” asked Gepetto.

“The cat,” said Pinocchio; for he saw her playing with some shavings, and thought she had eaten his feet.

“Open the door, I tell you!” shouted Gepetto. “If you don’t, when I get into the house, I shall punish you.”

“Believe me, father,” said Pinocchio, “I cannot walk. I shall have to walk on my knees for the rest of my life.”

Gepetto thought the marionette was trying to fool him, so he climbed up the side of the house and came in through the window. He was very
angry, but when he saw Pinocchio lying on the floor without any feet, he felt very sorry for him. He took him up in his arms and kissed him, and said:

“My little Pinocchio, how did you happen to burn your feet?”

“I don’t know, papa,” said Pinocchio. “It was a terrible night. It thundered and lightened. I was very hungry, and the Talking Cricket said to me, ‘It serves you right. You were bad and ran away from home.’ Then I said, ‘Take care, Cricket.’ And he said, ‘You are a marionette and have a wooden head.’ So I threw the hammer at him and he died, but it was his fault, for I did not wish to kill him.

“Then I found an egg and tried to cook it, but a chicken flew out of the shell and said, ‘Good-by until we meet again.’ I was so hungry that I went to the village to beg for something to eat, but an old man poured a basin of water on my head. So I came home and sat down by the brazier to dry my feet. I must have fallen asleep with my feet near the coals, for when I awoke, they were burned off. Now I am hungry.”

Gepetto could not understand all that the marionette had told him, but he did understand
that he was dying of hunger. So he took three pears from his pocket, saying:

"These three pears were to be my breakfast, but I am glad to give them to you. Eat them. I hope they will do you good."

"If you wish me to eat them," said Pinocchio, "be kind enough to peel them for me."

"Peel them?" said Gepetto. "I am surprised to find you are so dainty. In this world you should accustom yourself to eat anything that is set before you."

"No doubt you are right," said Pinocchio, "but I never eat fruit that has not been peeled."

So Gepetto found a knife and peeled the three pears. He put the skins on the table.

Having eaten the first pear in two mouthfuls, Pinocchio was about to throw away the core; but Gepetto caught hold of his arm and said:

"Do not throw it away. In this world everything may be of some use."

"But I have made up my mind that I shall never eat cores!" Pinocchio shouted angrily.

And so the three cores, instead of being thrown out of the window, were placed on the table with the skins.
After he had eaten the three pears, Pinocchio yawned and said, “I am still hungry.”

“But, my boy, I have nothing more to give you,” said Gepetto. “I have only the skins and the cores of the three pears.”

“Well, if there is nothing else,” said Pinocchio, “I will eat the skins!”

When he began to eat the skins, he made a sour face, but one after another he soon ate them all. Then he ate the cores. When he had eaten everything, he said, “Now I feel better.”

“Now you see I was right,” said Gepetto, “when I said that we should not be too particular about what we eat. We never can tell what may happen to us.”

The New Feet

As soon as the marionette had satisfied his hunger, he began to cry because he wanted a new pair of feet. But to punish him for being bad, Gepetto allowed him to cry and complain for half a day. Then he said to him:

“Why should I make you new feet? Perhaps you wish to run away from home again.”

“I promise you,” said the marionette, sobbing, “that I will always be a good boy.”
“All boys promise that,” said Gepetto, “when they wish to get something.”

“I promise you that I will go to school and study,” said Pinocchio.

“All boys repeat that same story, when they are trying to get something,” said Gepetto.

“But I am not like other boys,” said Pinocchio. “I am better than all of them, and I always speak the truth. I promise you that I will learn a trade so that I shall be able to take care of you in your old age.”

Gepetto tried to look cross, but his eyes were full of tears and his heart was full of pity for the poor marionette. Without saying another word, he took his tools and two small pieces of wood and set to work.

In less than an hour the feet were finished. They were as swift and graceful little feet as if they had been made by a great artist.

Then Gepetto said to the marionette, “Shut your eyes and go to sleep!”

So Pinocchio shut his eyes and pretended to go to sleep, and while his eyes were shut, Gepetto fastened the feet on with a little glue. He did it so well that one could not tell where the legs and the feet were joined.
He made Pinocchio a suit of clothes from some wall-paper that was covered with pretty flowers.
As soon as the marionette saw that he had feet, he jumped down from the table on which he had been lying. Then he leaped and capered about the room as if he had gone mad with delight.

"To pay you for what you have done for me," said Pinocchio, "I will go to school at once."

"You are a good boy," said Gepetto.

"But if I go to school," said Pinocchio, "I must have some clothes."

Gepetto was so poor that he did not have even as much as a penny in his pocket. But he made Pinocchio a suit of clothes from some wallpaper that was covered with pretty flowers. And he made him a cap of brown paper with a feather stuck in the side.

There was no mirror in the house, and so Pinocchio ran to look at himself in a pail of water. He was so pleased with what he saw that he went about like a peacock.

"I look just like a gentleman," he said.

"Yes, indeed," said Gepetto, "for bear in mind that fine clothes do not make a gentleman, but clean clothes."

"But," said the marionette, "I am still in want of the most necessary thing."
“What is that?” asked Gepetto.
“A spelling-book,” said the marionette.
“You are right,” said Gepetto, “but how shall we get one?”
“It is quite easy,” said Pinocchio. “You have only to go to the book-store and buy one.”
“I have no money,” said Gepetto. “But wait a minute,” he added, as he put on his old coat and ran out of the house.
He soon returned with a spelling-book, but the old coat was gone. The poor man was in his shirt sleeves, and it was snowing.
“Where is your coat, papa?” asked Pinocchio.
“I have sold it,” said Gepetto.
“Why did you sell it?” asked Pinocchio.
“Because it made me too warm,” said he.
Pinocchio understood the answer at once. He threw his arms around Gepetto’s neck and kissed him again and again.

PINOCCHIO SETS OUT FOR SCHOOL
As soon as it stopped snowing Pinocchio set out for school with his spelling-book under his arm. As he went along he said to himself:
“To-day I shall learn to read. To-morrow I shall learn to write and the day after I shall
learn to do problems. Then I shall be able to earn a great deal of money. Then I shall buy my papa a new coat. It shall be made of gold and silver with diamonds for buttons. I ought to do this for him, because he sold his coat to buy me a book."

While he was saying this, he thought he heard music. It sounded like the noise of fifes and drums. He stopped to listen.

"Where can that music be?" said he. "What a pity that I have to go to school."

He stood still for a few moments. He was trying to decide what to do. Should he go to school or should he go after the fifes? At last he said:

"To-day I shall go and hear the fifes and tomorrow I shall go to school."

Then he ran on and came nearer to the sound of the fifes and the beating of the drum. Soon he found himself in the middle of a crowd of people. They were trying to crowd into a small building that was painted in many bright colors.

"What is this place?" asked Pinocchio of a little boy who was standing beside him.

"Read the sign, and then you will know," said the boy.
“I should be glad to read it,” said Pinocchio, “but I do not know how to read.”

“Blockhead!” said the boy. “Then I will read it for you. The sign says,

‘GREAT MARIONETTE THEATER.’”

“Has the play begun?” asked Pinocchio.

“It is beginning now,” said the boy.

“How much does it cost to go in?” he asked.

“Two cents,” said the boy.

Pinocchio was very anxious to see the show, so he said:

“Will you be so kind as to lend me two cents until to-morrow?”

“I should be very glad to lend them to you,” said the boy, “but it happens that I cannot spare them to-day.”

“I will sell you my coat for two cents,” said the marionette.

“What do you think I could do with a paper coat?” said the boy. “If it rained I could not get it off my back.”

Pinocchio felt very sad, but he said, “Will you give me two cents for my spelling-book?”

“I am a boy and I don’t buy from boys,” said he.
“I will buy the spelling-book for two cents,” called out a man who bought old clothes. He had heard what the two boys said, and thought this was a rare bargain.

So the book was sold then and there. And to think that poor Gepetto was at home shivering with the cold because he had sold his coat to buy the spelling-book!

PINOCCHIO GOES TO THE SHOW

When Pinocchio went into the theater, something happened that almost ended the show.

Harlequin and Punchinello were on the stage, and all the people were laughing at the funny things they did. But as soon as Pinocchio entered, Harlequin stopped short and pointed his finger at him. Then he said:

“Do I dream or am I awake? Surely that is Pinocchio!”

“It is indeed Pinocchio!” cried Punchinello.

“It is Pinocchio! It is Pinocchio!” shouted all the marionettes at once, as they ran onto the stage from all sides. “It is Pinocchio! It is our brother Pinocchio! Long live Pinocchio!”

“Pinocchio, come up here,” cried Harlequin, “and throw your arms around your wooden brothers!”
At this invitation, Pinocchio made a leap from the floor in among the seats. Another leap landed him on the head of the leader of the band, and from there he sprang upon the stage.

The embraces, the hugs, and the kisses that Pinocchio received from the other marionettes stopped the whole show. At last the people grew tired of waiting.

"Go on with the play! Go on with the play!" they shouted.

But it was all breath thrown away; for the marionettes put Pinocchio upon their shoulders and carried him about the stage.

Just at that moment out came the show-man. He was so big and so ugly that the sight of him was enough to frighten any one. His beard was as black as ink, and so long that it reached from his chin to the ground. I need only to say that he stepped upon it when he walked. His mouth was big and his eyes were like two lanterns with lights burning in them. And in his hand carried a big whip that he cracked as he walked about.

As soon as he came in, there was silence. No one dared to breathe. You could have heard a pin drop. The poor marionettes trembled like so many leaves.
The Showman Was Named Fire-Eater
“Why have you come to stop the play?” he asked of Pinocchio in a gruff voice.

“Believe me, it was not my fault,” said Pinocchio.

“Do not say another word,” said the showman. “To-night we will settle this matter.”

As soon as the play was over, the show-man went into the kitchen where a fine sheep was roasting for his supper. There was not enough wood to roast it, so he called Harlequin and Punchinello to him.

“Bring that marionette here,” he said. “You will find him hanging on a nail. He seems to be made of dry wood. If he is thrown on the fire, he will make a fine blaze for the roast.”

At first Harlequin and Punchinello did not move, but the show-man looked at them so severely that they left the room. In a short time, they returned carrying poor Pinocchio. He was wiggling like an eel out of water, and screaming at the top of his voice. “Papa! papa! save me!” he cried. “I will not die! I will not die!”
covered his chest and legs like an apron, but he did not have a bad heart. When he saw Pinocchio struggling and screaming, "I will not die! I will not die!" he was sorry for him and asked:

"Are your papa and mamma still alive?"

"Yes, my papa is," said Pinocchio, "but I never had any mamma."

"Poor old man! I pity him," said Fire-eater. "Who can say how sorry he would be if I should throw you among those burning coals! So I shall pardon you. To-night I shall have to eat my mutton half-cooked, but the next time you fall into my hands beware."

The next morning Fire-eater called Pinocchio to him.

"What is your father's name?" he asked.

"Gepetto," said Pinocchio.

"And what is his trade?" asked Fire-eater.

"He is a beggar," said Pinocchio.

"Does he get much money?" asked the showman.

"No," said Pinocchio. "He never has a penny in his pocket. He had to sell the only coat he had to buy a spelling-book so I could go to school."

"Poor fellow!" said Fire-eater. "I feel sorry
for him. Here are five gold pieces. Go at once and take them to him.”

Pinocchio thanked the show-man a thousand times. Then he said good-by to the marionettes and set out for home.

**THE FOX AND THE CAT**

He had not gone far when he met a fox lame in one foot and a cat blind in both eyes. The fox, who was lame, was leaning on the cat, and the cat, who was blind, was led by the fox.

“Good day, Pinocchio,” said the fox in a very friendly way.

“How do you happen to know my name?” asked the marionette.

“Oh, I know your father well,” said the fox. “Where did you see him?” asked Pinocchio.

“I saw him yesterday at the door of his house,” said the fox. “He had no coat and he was shivering with the cold.”

“Poor papa!” said Pinocchio, “but that will soon be over. He shall shiver no more.”

“Why?” asked the fox.

“Because I have become a gentleman,” said Pinocchio.

“You have become a gentleman?” said the fox with a rude laugh.
The cat also began to laugh, but she combed her whiskers with her paws and he did not see her.

"There is nothing to laugh at," said Pinocchio.

Then he took out the money that Fire-eater had given him.

"You can see for yourselves that here are five gold pieces," he said.

As the money rang in his hand, the fox put out the paw that had been lame, and the cat opened her eyes, which looked like two green lanterns; but she shut them so quickly that Pinocchio did not see her.

"And now," said the fox, "what will you do with all this money?"

"First of all," replied the marionette, "I shall buy a new coat for my papa. Then I shall buy a spelling-book for myself."

"For yourself?" asked the fox.

"Yes, indeed," said Pinocchio. "I intend to go to school and study."

"Look at me," said the fox. "Because I wished to study, I have lost a leg."

"Look at me," said the cat. "Because I wished to study, I have lost the sight of my eyes."
Then he took out the money that fire-eater had given him.
At that moment a black-bird that sat in the hedge beside the road began to sing.

“Pinocchio,” he said, “do not listen to what bad companions tell you. If you do, you will be sorry.”

Poor black-bird! It would have been well for him if he had not spoken; for the cat sprang upon him and ate him in one mouthful.

“Poor black-bird!” said Pinocchio. “Why did you treat him so badly?”

“I did it to teach him a lesson,” said the cat. “He will learn not to meddle in the affairs of other people.”

When they had gone a little farther, the fox stopped and said to Pinocchio: “Should you like to double your money?”

“In what way?” asked Pinocchio.

“Should you like to turn your five gold pieces into a hundred or a thousand?” asked the fox.

“I think so,” said Pinocchio, “but in what way?”

“The way is easy,” said the fox. “Instead of going home, you must go with us to the Land of the Owls.”

Pinocchio thought a moment.
"No," he said, "I will not go with you. I will go home to my papa. Who knows how badly he felt yesterday when I did not come back? I was a bad boy, and the Talking Cricket was right when he said, 'Woe to those boys who disobey their parents and run away from home.' Only yesterday I almost lost my life in Fire-eater's house."

"Well, go home then," said the fox, "and so much the worse for you."

"Yes, so much the worse for you," said the cat.

"Between to-day and to-morrow your five gold pieces would become a thousand," said the fox.

"How could they become so many?" asked Pinocchio.

"I will tell you," said the fox. "In the Land of the Owls, there is a place called the Field of Wonders. If you plant one gold piece in that field and water it with two pails of water, it will begin to grow. Then you must go to bed and sleep until morning. The next day you will find a beautiful tree with as many gold pieces on it as there are leaves on a cherry-tree."

When Pinocchio heard this, he forgot all
about his papa and the new coat. He also forgot about the spelling-book and the school. He said to the fox and the cat: "Come, let us start at once. I will go with you."

Pinocchio and his companions walked and walked until they came to the Gray Goose Inn. "It is almost night," said the fox, "and we are very tired. Let us stop to eat and rest ourselves for an hour or two. We will start again at midnight, so we can reach the Field of Wonders to-morrow morning."

So they went into the inn and ordered their supper.

The cat ate nothing but fish. The fox ate a rabbit and some fat chickens. Pinocchio ate the least of all. He ordered some walnuts and a piece of bread, but he left them on his plate. He could think of nothing but the Field of Wonders and the gold pieces.

After supper, the three companions went to bed. The cat and the fox slept in one room and Pinocchio in another. They told the inn-keeper to call them at midnight, so they could go on their journey.
Pinocchio soon fell asleep and dreamed that he was in a field full of trees that were covered with gold pieces. He was just about to reach out his hand and pick them, when he was awakened by some one knocking on the door of his room.

It was the inn-keeper, who had come to tell him that the clock had struck midnight.

"Are the others ready?" asked the marionette.

"Ready!" said the inn-keeper. "They left two hours ago."

"Why were they in such a hurry?" asked Pinocchio.

"Because the cat heard that her oldest kitten had frozen its feet and was in danger of death," said the inn-keeper.

"Did they pay for their supper?" asked Pinocchio.

"Certainly not," said the inn-keeper. "They would not think of hurting your feelings by paying for it."

"And where did my friends say they would wait for me?" he asked.

"They will meet you at the Field of Wonders to-morrow morning," said the inn-keeper.

So Pinocchio paid a gold piece for his sup-
per and that of his friends. Then he set out. It was so dark he could not see the road, and he stumbled along without knowing where he was going. Some night-birds flew across the road and brushed Pinocchio's nose with their wings as they passed. They frightened him so much that he called out: "Who goes there? Who goes there?"

After he had walked a little farther, he saw a small insect that was shining dimly on the trunk of a tree. It looked like a night-lamp.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am the ghost of the Talking Cricket," said a very weak and faint voice.

"What do you want?" asked Pinocchio.

"I want to give you some advice," said the voice. "Go back and take the four gold pieces to your poor father, who is very sad because you did not come back yesterday."

"By to-morrow my papa will be a gentleman," said Pinocchio. "These four gold pieces will then be four thousand."

"My boy," replied the voice, "do not believe those who promise to make you rich in a day. They are sure to be rogues. Listen to me and go back."
“No, I shall not go back,” said Pinocchio. “I have made up my mind to go on.”
“The hour is late,” said the voice.
“I have decided to go on,” said he.
“The night is dark,” said the voice.
“I have decided to go on,” said he.
“The road is dangerous,” said the voice.
“I have decided to go on,” said he.
“Remember that boys who will have their own way, sooner or later are sorry for it,” said the voice. “Good-night, Pinocchio, and may you be saved from the assassins.”

As soon as the Talking Cricket had said this, it became as dark as if the light had been blown out; and the road was darker than ever.

THE ASSASSINS

As the marionette went on his way, he said, “Boys ought to be pitied. Everybody scolds us and tries to tell us what to do. The Talking Cricket tells me I am to meet assassins. But that doesn’t matter, for I don’t believe in assassins. I have never believed in them. I think our papas make up stories about them to scare little boys who wish to go out at night. If I should meet assassins on this road, do you think they would
frighten me? Not the least in the world. I should go to meet them and say:

"'Assassins, what do you want of me? Remember there is no joking with me. So go on about your business!'

"When I said this, I think they would run away like the wind. However, if they did not have sense enough to run away, then I should run away myself. And that would end it."

Pinocchio had hardly time to finish saying this to himself when he heard a slight rustle of leaves behind him. He turned to look and dimly saw two objects wrapped in black cloaks. They were running after him, at full speed.

"Here they are now," he said to himself.

He did not know where to hide his gold pieces, so he put them in his mouth and held them under his tongue.

Then he tried to escape. But he had not gone a step before he was seized by the arms and heard two awful voices say to him:

"Your money or your life!"

Pinocchio could not speak because the money was in his mouth, but he gave several low bows by way of saying, "I have not a penny in my pocket."
“Come now! Let us have no nonsense,” said the robbers.

“Give up your money or you will die,” said the taller of the robbers.

“And after we have killed you, we will kill your father,” said the other.

“No, no, not my poor papa!” cried Pinocchio; and as he said this, the gold pieces rattled in his mouth.

“O you rascal!” said the taller of the robbers. “You have hidden the money in your mouth. Take it out at once!”

Then the shorter assassin drew out an ugly knife and tried to force it between Pinocchio’s lips. But Pinocchio, as quick as lightning, bit off his hand and let it fall to the ground. Just think how surprised he was then to see that it was not a hand at all, but the paw of a cat.

Then Pinocchio freed himself from the assassins. He jumped over the hedge and began to run through the fields. They ran after him like two dogs chasing a rabbit. The one who had lost a paw, ran on one leg, but I do not know how he managed to run so well.

After a race of several miles, Pinocchio could run no farther. So he climbed up the trunk
Then They Drew Out Two Long Knives and Tried to Stab Him
of a very tall pine-tree and seated himself on the topmost branch. The assassins tried to climb after him, but after they had gone up halfway, they slid down again, tearing the skin from their hands and knees.

Then the assassins gathered some dry wood, piled it under the pine-tree and set fire to it. In less time than it takes to tell it, the tree began to burn like a candle. Pinocchio saw the flames come nearer and nearer, and as he did not wish to be roasted, he jumped from the top of the tree and started to run across the fields. The assassins ran after him without stopping once.

When day began to come, they were still following him. Soon Pinocchio came to a wide ditch full of dirty water. What was he to do? “One, two, three,” cried he, and then leaped across.

The assassins also jumped, but—splash, splash—they fell into the middle of the ditch. Pinocchio heard the splash and shouted back: “A fine bath to you, assassins!”

He thought they would be drowned, but when he looked back, he saw they were both running after him. They still wore their black cloaks, and the water was dripping from them, as if they had been hollow baskets.
Pinocchio’s courage now failed him, and he was about to give himself up for lost. But all at once he saw not far away a small house as white as snow.

“If I can only reach that house,” he said to himself, “maybe I shall be saved.”

He soon reached the house and knocked at the door.

No one answered.

He knocked again and again with great force, for there was no time to lose. He could already hear the steps and heavy breathing of the assassins. Still no one answered.

Seeing that knocking was useless, Pinocchio began to kick the door with all his might. The window then opened, and a beautiful Fairy appeared at it. She had blue hair and a face as white as snow. But her eyes were closed and she did not see him. He was about to speak, but before he could open his mouth, he felt himself seized by the collar, and the same horrible voices said to him: “You shall not escape again!”

When the marionette saw death staring him in the face, he trembled so that his wooden legs creaked and the gold pieces rattled in his mouth.
So They Hung Pinocchio to the Branch of a Tree
“Now then,” said the assassins, “will you open your mouth, or not? Will you not answer? This time we shall force you to open it.”

Then they drew out two long knives and tried to stab him. But the marionette was made of very hard wood and the knives were broken into a thousand pieces.

“I know what we shall do,” said one of them. “Let us hang him.”

“Yes, let us hang him,” said the other.

So they hung Pinocchio to the branch of a tree called the Big Oak.

Then they sat down on the grass and waited for him to die. But at the end of three hours the marionette’s eyes were open, his mouth was shut, and he was kicking more than ever.

At last they were out of patience. Then they said to Pinocchio: “Good-by till to-morrow. Let us hope you will be kind enough to die with your mouth open.”

Then they went away.

Little by little, the marionette’s eyes began to grow dim, but he still hoped that some one would come to save him. At last his breath began to fail him. He shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and hung as if he were dead.
PINOCCHIO IS Saved BY THE FAIRY WITH BLUE HAIR

While Pinocchio was hanging to the branch of the Big Oak, the beautiful Fairy with blue hair looked out of the window and saw him. She felt so sorry for him that she sent a great dog to rescue him and bring him to her.

As soon as the dog returned with him, the Fairy took him up in her arms and laid him gently on a bed. Then she sent for three famous doctors.

The doctors came at once. One was a crow, one an owl and one was a Talking Cricket.

“Doctors,” said the Fairy, “I wish to know if this marionette is alive or dead.”

When she had said this, the crow felt Pinocchio’s pulse. Then he felt his nose. Then he felt his toes. When he had done this, he said: “I think the marionette is quite dead. If he is not dead, it is a sign that he is still alive.”

“I regret,” said the owl, “that I cannot agree with the crow. In my opinion, the marionette is still alive. But if he is not alive, it is a sign that he is dead.”

“And have you nothing to say?” the Fairy asked of the Talking Cricket.

“In my opinion,” said the cricket, “the wisest
The Doctors Came at Once
thing for a doctor to do, when he does not know what he is talking about, is to be silent. This marionette has a face that is not new to me. I have known him for some time.”

Up to this time, Pinocchio had been lying as still as if he were dead. Now he began to tremble so much that he shook the bed.

“That marionette there,” added the Talking Cricket, “is a rogue.”

Pinocchio opened his eyes, but shut them again at once.

“He is a good-for-nothing run-away.”

Pinocchio hid his face under the covers.

“That marionette is a bad boy who will make his poor father die of a broken heart.”

All at once sounds of sobbing and crying were heard under the covers.

“When a dead person cries, it is a sign that he will get well,” said the crow.

“I do not like to disagree with you,” said the owl, “but when a dead person cries, it is a sign that he is sorry to die.”

PINOCCHIO REFUSES THE MEDICINE

When the three doctors had gone, the Fairy placed her hand on Pinocchio’s head and found it so hot that she knew he had a fever. So she
poured some medicine into half a glass of water and offered it to the marionette.

“Drink it,” she said, “and in a few days you will be cured.”

Pinocchio looked at the glass, and drew up his face.

“Is it sweet or bitter?” he asked.

“It is bitter,” said the Fairy, “but it will do you good.”

“If it is bitter, I will not take it,” said he.

“Drink it,” said the Fairy, “and when you drink it, I will give you a lump of sugar to take away the taste.”

“Where is the lump of sugar?” asked Pinocchio.

“Here it is,” said the Fairy, as she took a piece from the sugar-bowl.

“Give me the lump of sugar first,” said Pinocchio. “Then I will drink the medicine.”

So the Fairy gave him the sugar and he swallowed it in an instant.

“Now keep your promise and take the medicine,” said the Fairy.

Pinocchio took up the glass and smelled of the medicine. Then he put it down again.

“It is too bitter,” he said. “I cannot drink it.”
JUST THEN THE DOOR OPENED AND FOUR BLACK RABBITS ENTERED
“How can you say that,” asked the Fairy, “when you have not even tasted it?”

“I know it from the smell,” said Pinocchio. Then he added, “I would rather die than drink that bitter medicine.”

Just then the door opened and four black rabbits entered. They were carrying a hammock that was tied to some long poles.

Pinocchio was frightened, and sat up in bed. “What do you want?” he asked.

“We have come for you,” said the largest rabbit.

“To take me?” asked Pinocchio. “But I am not dead yet.”

“No, not yet,” said the rabbit; “but you have only a few minutes to live. You have refused the medicine that would have cured you.”

“O Fairy, Fairy!” screamed the marionette. “Give me the medicine! Give me the medicine! I will not die! I will not die!”

So taking the glass in his hands, he swallowed the medicine at once; and when he turned around, the rabbits had gone.

In a few minutes Pinocchio became well and jumped down from the bed. A marionette is made of wood, and can be cured very quickly.
When the Fairy saw him running and caper¬
ing about the room, she said: "Then my medi¬
cine must have done you good."

"Well, I should think so," said Pinocchio. "It has saved my life."

"Then why did you have to be coaxed to take it?" asked the Fairy.

"It is this way," said Pinocchio. "We boys are more afraid of medicine than of being ill."

Then Pinocchio told the Fairy all that had happened to him since he left his home. He told her about Fire-eater, about the fox and the cat and about the assassins. Then he thanked her for saving him from a terrible death on the Big Oak. And he said he should always love her for being so kind to him.

"I love you also," said the Fairy. "If you will stay here, you shall be my little brother, and I will be your little sister."

"I should like to stay," said Pinocchio, "but I shall have to go to see my papa."

"What have you done with the four gold pieces?" asked the Fairy.

"I have lost them," replied Pinocchio, but he did not tell the truth; for he had them in his pocket.
As soon as he told the lie, his nose grew two inches longer.

"Where did you lose them?" asked the Fairy. "In the forest," he replied.

Then his nose grew still longer.

"If you lost them in the forest," said the Fairy, "we shall go and find them."

"Oh, I remember now," replied Pinocchio, "I did not lose them in the forest. I swallowed them when I took the medicine."

As soon as Pinocchio told this falsehood, his nose grew so long that it touched the side of the room and he could not move.

"How foolish you are to tell lies," said the Fairy.

Then Pinocchio began to cry, and the Fairy let him cry for a long time. At last she opened the window and a hundred woodpeckers flew in and pecked at the long nose until it was its usual size again.

"I have sent word to your father," said the Fairy, "and he will be here to-night."

"Really? Is it true?" asked Pinocchio, as he jumped about for joy. "Then if you are willing, I should like to go to meet him."

"Go, then," said the Fairy, "but be careful
not to lose yourself. Take the road through the woods, and I am sure that you will meet him.”

Pinocchio set out and ran into the woods. But when he came near the Big Oak, he stopped because he thought he heard something in the bushes. Two persons stepped out into the road. Can you guess who they were? They were the cat and the fox.

“Why, here is our dear friend Pinocchio!” cried the fox. “How did you happen to be here?”

“It is a long story,” answered Pinocchio, “and I will tell it to you when I have more time. But do you know that after you left me the other night at the inn I fell into the hands of assassins on the road?”

“Assassins?” said the fox. “Poor Pinocchio! And what did they want?”

“They wanted to rob me of my gold pieces,” said he.

“Oh, the villains!” said the cat and the fox together.

“I ran away from them,” said the marionette, “but they followed me. At last they caught me and hung me to a branch of the Big Oak.”

“Wasn’t that terrible!” said the fox and the cat together.
"What are you doing here now?" asked the fox.

"I am going to meet my papa, who may come at any minute," said he.

"What have you done with your gold pieces?" asked the fox.

"I have four of them in my pocket," said Pinocchio. "I spent one at the Gray Goose Inn."

"And to think," said the cat, "that instead of four pieces they might now be four thousand!"

"Why don't you listen to me?" said the fox, "and go and plant your gold pieces in the Field of Wonders to-day?"

"I cannot go to-day," said Pinocchio.

"Another day will be too late," said the fox.

"Why?" asked Pinocchio.

"Because the field has been sold to a man who will not allow any one to plant money there after to-day," said the fox.

"How far off is the Field of Wonders?" asked Pinocchio.

"Not two miles," said the fox. "Will you come with us? In half an hour you will be there. You can plant your money at once, and in a few minutes you can gather gold pieces until your pockets are full. Will you come with us?"
Pinocchio thought of the good Fairy. He thought of Gepetto. He thought of the warnings of the Talking Cricket. So he waited a little while before answering. Then, like all boys who have not a grain of sense, he ended by saying: "I will go with you."

And they all went on together.

After they had walked for half a day, they reached a town called "Trap for Blockheads." As soon as Pinocchio entered the town, he saw that the streets were full of dogs who had lost their coats and were dying from hunger. There were sheep that had sold their wool, and were shivering with cold. There were roosters who had run away from home and were begging for corn.

"And where is the Field of Wonders?" asked Pinocchio.

"It is only a step from here," said the fox.

They left the town and soon came to a field. It looked like all other fields, but the fox said it was the Field of Wonders.

"Here we are," he said. "Now stoop down and dig a little hole in the ground and plant your gold pieces in it."

Pinocchio did as he was told. He dug a hole
and planted in it the four gold pieces that he had left. Then he covered them with a little earth.

"Now, then," said the fox, "go to the canal and bring a pail of water and water the ground where you have planted them."

Pinocchio went to the canal, and as he had no pail, he took off one of his shoes and filled it with water. And so he watered the ground.

"Is there anything else to be done?" he asked.

"No, nothing else," said the fox. "We can all go away now. You can come back in a few minutes and find a tiny shrub with its branches full of gold pieces."

When they had seen Pinocchio water his seeds, they wished him a good harvest and went away.

PINOCCHIO IS ROBBED OF HIS MONEY AND IS SENT TO PRISON

Pinocchio returned to the town and began to count the minutes. When he thought he had waited long enough, he hurried back to the Field of Wonders.

As he walked along, he could hear his heart beat tic-tac, tic-tac, like a clock. All the time he was saying to himself:
“And what if I should find two thousand gold pieces instead of one thousand? What if I should find five thousand instead of two thousand? Oh! what a fine gentleman I should be then! I should have a fine house full of cake and candy.”

While Pinocchio was saying these things, he stopped to look for the little tree with its branches full of money, but he saw nothing. Then he went to the very place where he had planted the money, but there was nothing.

Just then he heard some one laugh. He looked up and saw a parrot who was smoothing his feathers.

“Why are you laughing?” asked Pinocchio.

“I am laughing,” said the parrot, “because as I was smoothing my feathers, I tickled myself under the wing.”

Pinocchio said nothing. He went to the canal and filled his shoe with water and began to water the ground. While he was doing this, the parrot laughed again.

“You ill-mannered parrot!” shouted Pinocchio. “Will you tell me what you are laughing at?”

“I am laughing at simpletons who believe all
"Listen to Me, Then," Said the Parrot
the foolish things that are told them," said the parrot.

"Are you speaking of me?" asked Pinocchio.

"Yes, I am speaking of you," said the parrot. "You are simple enough to believe that money could be planted and gathered in the same way as beans and corn."

"I don't understand you," said the marionette.

"Listen to me, then," said the parrot. "While you were in the town the fox and the cat returned to the field. They took the money you had planted and fled like the wind, and he that catches them now will be very clever."

Pinocchio stood with his mouth open, staring at the parrot. He could hardly believe what she said. Suddenly he began to dig in the earth where he had planted the gold pieces; and he dug, and he dug, but the money was not there.

Then he ran back to the town to complain to the judge.

When Pinocchio was brought before the judge, he told how he had been deceived by the fox and the cat, who had robbed him of his money. The judge listened to what he had to say, and when he had finished, he said:
"Officers, that poor marionette has been robbed of four gold pieces. Take him and lock him up in prison."

Pinocchio was so surprised that he could not say a word to save himself from this unjust punishment. He was locked up in prison, and there he remained for four months. At the end of that time the king passed through the town and ordered all the prisoners to be set free. Except for this, I cannot say how long Pinocchio might have stayed there.

PINOCCHIO IS CAUGHT IN A TRAP

You can imagine Pinocchio's joy when he found himself free. He at once left the town and took the road that led to the Fairy's house.

On account of the rainy weather, the road was like a marsh. Pinocchio sank in up to his knees, but he would not give up. He tried to run and splashed himself from head to foot. He hoped to reach the Fairy's house before dark, but he soon became so hungry that he tried to find something to eat.

He saw some grapes in a field and jumped over the hedge to gather them. Oh, that he had never done it! He had hardly reached the vines when his legs were caught between two iron
bars. They hurt him so much that he became dizzy and stars danced before his eyes. He had been caught in a trap that the farmer had set to catch a thief who stole his chickens.

Pinocchio soon began to cry and scream. It was useless for him to do this. There was not a house in sight and not a single person passed down the road.

At last night came on. The trap hurt the marionette terribly, and he was afraid to be alone in the fields after dark. Just at that moment he saw a fire-fly passing over his head, and called to it.

"O little fire-fly," he said, "will you have pity on me and free me from this trap?"

"Poor boy!" said the fire-fly. "How did you happen to be caught by those irons?"

"I came into the field to pick some grapes," said he.

"But were the grapes yours?" asked the fire-fly.

"No," said Pinocchio, "but I was so hungry."

"Hunger is not a good reason for carrying off other people's fruit," said the fire-fly.

"I know it," said Pinocchio. "I shall never do it again."
At that moment they heard the sound of footsteps. It was the owner of the field, coming to see if one of the weasels that ate his chickens had been caught in the trap.

He took his lantern from under his coat, and was surprised to see that he had caught a boy instead of a weasel.

"You little thief!" said the farmer. "Then it was you who carried off my chickens."

"No, it was not I! Indeed, it was not!" cried Pinocchio. "I only came into the field to pick some grapes."

"He who steals grapes would steal chickens, too," said the farmer. "Now I shall give you a lesson that you will not forget in a hurry."

Then the farmer opened the trap. He took the marionette by the neck and carried him home as if he had been a lamb. When he reached the yard in front of his house, he threw the marionette on the ground and put his foot on his neck.

"It is late and I wish to go to bed," he said. "We shall settle this matter to-morrow. My dog who watched the house died this morning and you shall take his place to-night. You shall be my watch-dog."

As the farmer said this, he took a heavy col-
“MY NAME IS NOT MELAMPO,” SAID THE MARIONETTE
lar covered with brass nails and strapped it around the marionette's neck. It was so tight he could not draw his head out, and a heavy chain held him fast to the wall.

"If it should rain to-night," said the farmer, "you can go and lie down in the kennel. The straw on which my dog has slept for the last four years is still there. It will serve as a bed for you. If robbers should come, be sure to keep your ears open and to bark."

After saying this, the farmer went into the house and shut the door.

Poor Pinocchio lay on the ground more dead than alive from cold, hunger and fear. From time to time he took hold of the collar and tried to pull it off; but, at last, he went into the kennel and fell fast asleep.

PINOCCHIO DISCOVERS THE ROBBERS

Pinocchio had been asleep for about two hours, when he was aroused by some one whispering near him. He put the point of his nose out of the kennel and saw four little beasts with black fur. They looked like cats as they stood whispering together. But they were not cats. They were weasels. One of them came to the
door of the kennel and said in a low voice: "Good evening, Melampo."

"My name is not Melampo," said the marionette. "I am Pinocchio."

"And what are you doing here?" asked the weasel.

"I am acting as watch-dog," said he.

"Then where is Melampo?" asked the weasel. "Where is the old dog who lived in this kennel?"

"He died this morning," said he.

"Is he dead?" asked the weasel. "Poor dog! He was so good. But I judge by your face that you are also a good dog."

"I beg your pardon, I am not a dog," said Pinocchio.

"Not a dog? Then what are you?" asked the weasel.

"I am a marionette, and am only acting as watch-dog," said the marionette.

"Well, then, I will offer you the same terms that we made with the dead dog," said the weasel. "I am sure you will be pleased with them."

"What are the terms?" asked Pinocchio.

"One night in every week," said the weasel, "you are to permit us to visit the poultry yard,
as we have always done. We will carry off eight chickens. Seven of these chickens are to be eaten by us, and one will be given to you. You must pretend to be asleep, and you must never bark and awake the farmer."

"Did Melampo do that?" asked Pinocchio.

"Certainly. We were always on the best of terms with him," said the weasel. "Sleep quietly and before we go we will leave beside the kennel a fine chicken for your breakfast."

Thinking they were safe, the four weasels went to the poultry yard, which was near the kennel. They opened the gate with their claws and slipped in one by one. But they had only just passed through when they heard the gate shut.

It was Pinocchio who had closed it, and he also put a large stone against it to keep it closed. Then he began to bark exactly like a dog. He said, "Bow-wow, bow-wow!"

The farmer heard the barking and ran to the window.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"The robbers have come," said Pinocchio.

"Where are they?" he asked again.

"In the poultry yard," said Pinocchio.
In less time than it takes to tell it, the farmer came down with his gun in his hand. He caught the weasels and put them into a bag. Then he said to Pinocchio: “How did you manage to discover the four robbers? My faithful dog Melampo never found out anything, and he was such a good watch-dog, too.”

The marionette might have told everything. He might have told the farmer of the wicked bargain that had been made between the weasels and the dog, but he only said to himself: “What is the good of saying anything about the dead? The best thing to do is to leave them in peace.”

“When the thieves came into the yard, were you asleep or awake?” asked the farmer.

“I was asleep,” answered Pinocchio. “The weasels woke me with their chatter. Then one of them came to the kennel and said to me: ‘If you promise not to bark, and not to wake the master, we will give you a fine chicken.’ To think that they should have dared to make such an offer to me! I am only a poor marionette. I have nearly all the faults in the world, but will never be guilty of sharing in the gains of dishonest people!”
“Well said, my good boy!” cried the farmer. “And in proof of my gratitude, I will at once set you free, so you may go home.”

Then he removed the dog-collar.

PINOCCHIO GOES TO FIND THE FAIRY AND HIS FATHER

As soon as Pinocchio was free from the dog-collar, he started to run across the fields. He did not stop until he came to the road that led to the Fairy’s house. Then he turned and looked down into the valley.

He could see the woods where he met the fox and the cat. He could see the top of the Big Oak, to which he had been hung. But, although he looked everywhere, nowhere could he see the little house of the Fairy with the Blue Hair.

Suddenly he began to run, and in a few minutes he reached the field where the little house had once stood, but it was no longer there. Instead of the house, there was a marble slab on which these words were cut:

“Here Lies
The Fairy with the Blue Hair,
Who Died from Sorrow
Because She Lost Her
Little Brother Pinocchio.”

You can imagine the marionette’s feelings when he spelled out these words. He burst into
tears and fell on the ground. He cried all night and when morning came, he was still crying.

"O little Fairy," he sobbed, "why did you die? Why didn't I die instead of you? I am so wicked and you are so good!"

And in his grief, he tried to tear his hair, but it was made of wood, and he could not run his fingers through it. After a time he dried his tears and set out to find the Fairy; for he could not believe that she was dead.

When he had traveled for many miles, he came to the sea-shore. It was lined with people who were looking out on the water, shouting and waving their arms.

"What has happened?" asked Pinocchio of an old woman.

"A poor father who has lost his son has gone away in a boat to search for him," replied the old woman. "The sea is so rough that the boat is in danger of sinking."

"Where is the little boat?" he asked.

"It is out there where I am pointing," said the old woman.

Pinocchio looked in that direction and saw the tiny boat. It was so far away that it looked like a nutshell with a very little man in it. All
They Saw a Little Boy Jump from a Rock into the Sea
at once he screamed: "It is my papa! It is my papa!"

Suddenly a great wave rose, and the boat was seen no more.

"Poor man!" said the fishermen, as they turned to go home.

Just then they heard a shout, and they turned around. They saw a little boy jump from a rock into the sea, as he said: "I will save my papa!"

Being made of wood, Pinocchio floated easily, and swam like a fish. At one moment they saw him go under the waves. Then he appeared again. At last they lost sight of him, and he was seen no more.

"Poor boy!" said the fishermen, as they turned to go home.

PINOCCHIO REACHES THE ISLAND OF THE INDUSTRIOUS BEES

Pinocchio hoped to be able to save his father, and swam all night. And what a horrible night it was! The rain came down in torrents. It hailed. The thunder was awful, and the flashes of lightning made it as light as day.

In the early morning he saw a long strip of land not far off. It was an island in the midst of
the sea. He tried to reach the shore, but the waves tossed him about as if he had been a stick or a straw. At last a great billow threw him far up on the sands.

Pinocchio fell with such force that his ribs and his bones creaked, but they did not break.

“Again I have had a lucky escape,” he said to himself.

Little by little the sky cleared, the sun shone out and the sea became as quiet and as smooth as oil.

The marionette put his clothes in the sun to dry, and then he looked in every direction to see if he could see a little boat with a man in it. He looked and he looked, but he could see nothing, except the sky and the sea.

“I wish I knew what this island is called,” Pinocchio said to himself. “I should like to know if the people have the habit of hanging boys to the branches of the trees, but whom can I ask?”

The idea of being alone on this island made him so mad that he was just beginning to cry. But at that moment he saw a big fish swimming by. It was swimming slowly with its head out of the water.

Not knowing the name of the fish, he called
to it in a loud voice: "Mr. Fish, may I have a word with you?"

"Yes, two if you wish," said the fish.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me if there are any villages on this island?" said he. "I should like to get something to eat without being in danger of being eaten myself."

"Certainly there are villages," said the fish. "You will find one only a short distance from here."

"And what road must I take to go there?" asked Pinocchio.

"You must take the path on your left and follow your nose," said the fish.

"Good-by, Mr. Fish," said Pinocchio. "Excuse the trouble I have given you. Many thanks for your politeness."

Then he took the path that had been pointed out to him and walked as fast as he could. In about half an hour he reached a little village called "The Village of the Busy Bees."

The streets were full of people, running here and there. All were at work. All had something to do. You could not have found an idle person if you had searched for him with a lighted lamp.

"Ah!" said the lazy Pinocchio at once, "I see
that this is no place for me. I wasn’t born to work.”

All this time Pinocchio was dying of hunger. He saw a man coming down the road, panting for breath. He was dragging two carts full of charcoal after him.

“Please, sir,” Pinocchio called to him, “will you have the kindness to give me a halfpenny? I am dying of hunger.”

“You shall have not only a halfpenny,” said the man, “but if you will help me drag these two carts home, I will give you two pennies.”

“I am surprised at you,” answered the marionette. “I do not care to do the work of a donkey. I shall never draw a cart.”

“Then, my boy,” said the man, “eat a slice of your pride for your breakfast.”

In a few minutes a mason passed by. He was carrying a heavy basket of lime on his shoulders. Pinocchio called out to him: “Please, sir, will you have the kindness to give me a halfpenny? I am dying of hunger.”

“Carry the lime for me,” said the mason, “and I will give you five pennies.”

“But the lime is heavy,” said Pinocchio, “and I don’t want to tire myself.”
"Drink, My Boy, if You Wish to," Said the Little Woman
"If you don’t want to tire yourself," said the mason, "amuse yourself by being hungry, and much good may it do you."

In less than half an hour twenty other persons went by. Pinocchio asked them to give him something, but they all answered: "Instead of begging, go and look for a little work and learn to earn your own bread."

At last there came a little woman who was carrying two cans of water.

"Will you give me a drink of water out of one of your cans?" asked Pinocchio.

"Drink, my boy, if you wish to," said the little woman as she set down the two cans.

Pinocchio drank like a fish, and as he dried his mouth, he mumbled: "I have cured my thirst. Now I should like to have something to eat."

The little woman heard these words and said: "If you will help me carry home these two cans of water, I will give you a fine piece of bread."

Pinocchio looked at the cans, but he said nothing:

"And besides the bread, you shall have some cabbage with oil and sugar," said the little woman.
Pinocchio again looked at the cans, but he said nothing.

"And after you have eaten the cabbage, I will give you a pudding with some syrup."

The reward was too great for Pinocchio to refuse.

"I will carry one of the cans to your house," he said at last.

The can was heavy, and the marionette was not strong enough to carry it in his hands. He had to carry it on his head.

When they came to the house, the little woman made Pinocchio sit down at a small table. Then she placed before him the bread, the cabbage, and the pudding.

Pinocchio did not eat the food. He devoured it. His stomach was like a house that no one had lived in for five months. After he had eaten for some time, he turned to look at the little woman, and then he stared at her with his eyes and mouth wide open.

"What has surprised you?" she asked.

"Are you really the Fairy?" asked Pinocchio. "You have the same voice, and the same blue hair. Oh, yes, it is really you!" he added, as he threw his arms around her.
PINOCCHIO DECIDES TO BE GOOD BOY

At first the little woman would not admit that she was the Fairy with the blue hair. But when she saw that Pinocchio knew her, she said: “You little rogue! How did you happen to know me?”

“It was my great love for you that told me,” said he.

“But when you saw me last,” said the Fairy, “I was only a child. Now I have grown until I am almost a woman.”

“But how did you manage to grow so fast?” asked he.

“That is a secret,” said the Fairy.

“Teach it to me,” said he. “Don’t you see, I am always no bigger than a ten-pin?”

“But you cannot grow,” said the Fairy. “Marionettes never grow. They are born marionettes. They live marionettes and they die marionettes.”

“I am tired of being a marionette,” said Pinocchio. “I should like to be a real boy.”

“And you will become one when you deserve it,” said the Fairy.

“What can I do to deserve it?” asked Pinocchio.
“It is very easy,” said the Fairy. “You only have to learn to be good.”

“I promise you,” said Pinocchio, “that I will begin to-day. I shall try to care for my papa. But where is my papa?”

“I do not know,” said she.

“Shall I ever see him again?” asked Pinocchio.

“I think so,” said the Fairy. “Yes, I am quite sure of it.”

When Pinocchio heard this he was wild with joy. He was so pleased that he began to kiss the Fairy’s hands.

Then he said, “Dear Fairy, is it not true that you were dead?”

“No, it seems that it is not true,” said she.

“Oh, how glad I am!” said Pinocchio.

“You were very sad when you thought I was dead,” said the Fairy. “So I know you have a good heart. And when boys have good hearts, there is always hope for them even if they have bad habits. That is why I came to care for you.”

“Oh! how good of you!” shouted Pinocchio as he jumped and clapped his hands for joy.

“Then you must obey me and do everything that I ask you to do,” said the Fairy.
"I shall always do that," said Pinocchio.
"To-morrow morning," said the Fairy, "you will begin to go to school."
"I think it is too late for me to go to school now," said the marionette.
"Oh, no," said the Fairy. "It is never too late to learn."
"But I do not wish to follow any trade," said the marionette.
"Why not?" asked the Fairy.
"Because it tires me to work," said the marionette.
"My boy," said the Fairy, "those who talk in that way almost always end in a prison or in a hospital. Some boys are born rich and some are born poor, but all have to work. Woe to those who lead idle lives. Idleness is a dreadful illness and must be cured in childhood. If it is not cured then, it can never be cured."
Pinocchio hung his head with shame and said:
"I will study. I will work. I will do anything you say so I may become a good boy."

The next day Pinocchio went to school.
All the boys roared with laughter when they
saw a marionette walk into the school. They played all kinds of tricks on him. One boy carried off his cap and another pulled his jacket.

For a time Pinocchio pretended not to care, but at last he lost his patience. Then he turned to those who were teasing him and said: "Be careful, boys. I did not come here to be made fun of. I do not annoy you, and you shall not annoy me."

"Hear this boaster!" said one of the boys who tried to grab hold of Pinocchio's nose.

But Pinocchio reached out his foot and gave him a kick on the knee.

"Oh, what hard feet!" cried the boy as he rubbed the place where the marionette's wooden foot had hit him.

"His hands are harder than his feet," said another boy who tried to trip Pinocchio and received a blow on his side.

All boys like a boy who will not let other boys abuse him. So they soon became very fond of Pinocchio. The teacher also liked him, for he always studied his lessons. He was the first to come to school and he was the last to leave when school was over.

But Pinocchio had one fault. He had too
many friends, and some of them were bad boys. They did not like to study and were always in mischief.

The teacher warned him every day, and the good Fairy said: "Take care, Pinocchio! Those bad school-mates of yours are not your friends. They will be sure to harm you."

PINOCCHIO GOES TO SEE THE DOG-FISH

So one morning when Pinocchio was going to school, he met some of his bad companions. One of them came up to him and said: "Have you heard the news?"

"What news?" asked Pinocchio.

"In the sea near here there is a dog-fish as big as a mountain," said the boy. "We are going to the shore to see him. Will you come with us?"

"No," said Pinocchio, "I am going to school."

"Why do you go to school?" said the boy. "You can go to school to-morrow. One day's lessons will not make any difference."

"But what will the teacher say?" asked Pinocchio.

"The teacher may say what he likes," said the boy. "He is paid to find fault."

"And what will the Fairy say?" asked Pinocchio.
“She will never know it,” said the boy.

“Do you know what I will do?” asked Pinocchio. “I will go and see the dog-fish when school is over.”

“Poor donkey!” said another boy. “Do you suppose the dog-fish will wait for you to come? As soon as he is tired of being here, he will go to some other place. Then it will be too late to see him.”

“How long does it take to go to the shore?” asked the marionette.

“We can go there and back in an hour,” said the boy.

“Come on, then,” said Pinocchio. “The one who runs the fastest is the best.”

When Pinocchio said this all the boys rushed off across the fields with their books under their arms. Pinocchio was always ahead of the others. He seemed to have wings on his feet.

When he arrived at the shore, Pinocchio looked everywhere, but he could see no dog-fish. The sea looked like a great mirror.

“Where is the dog-fish?” asked Pinocchio of his companions.

“He must have gone to breakfast,” said one of the boys.
“Perhaps he is taking a nap,” said another of the boys.

These foolish answers showed Pinocchio that his companions had been trying to make a fool of him. So he turned to them and said: “Why did you tell me that falsehood about the dog-fish?”

“Oh, it was great fun!” said all the little rascals together.

“In what way?” asked Pinocchio.

“We made you come with us and miss school,” said one of the boys. “You ought to be ashamed because you are never tardy. You ought to be ashamed because you study so hard.”

“Why do you not like to have me study?” asked Pinocchio.

“Because boys who study make those who do not seem stupid,” said the boy.

“Then what must I do to please you?” asked Pinocchio.

“You must hate school and the lessons and the master,” said the boy. “These are our three great enemies.”

“But what if I wish to study?” asked the marionette.

“If you do,” said the boy, “we shall have
nothing more to do with you, and we shall also punish you."

“You make me laugh,” said Pinocchio.

“Look out, Pinocchio,” said the biggest of the boys. “Don’t have any of your big talk here. Remember you are only one and there are seven of us.”

“Yes, you are the seven wicked ones,” said Pinocchio with a laugh.

“Listen to him!” said the boy. “He has insulted us. He called us the seven wicked ones. Pinocchio, beg our pardon, or it will be worse for you!”

“Cuckoo!” shouted Pinocchio.

“You shall have as many blows as a donkey!” said the boy.

“Cuckoo!” said Pinocchio.

“You shall go home with a broken nose!” said the boy.

“Cuckoo!” said Pinocchio.

“I will give you cuckoo,” said one of the boys. “Take that and keep it for your supper.”

As he said this he gave Pinocchio a blow on the head with his fist. But it was give and take, for the marionette returned the blow. And then all the boys joined in the fight.
Pinocchio had to fight all seven of them, but he defended himself like a hero. He used his feet so well that he kept them at a safe distance. His feet were made of the hardest wood, and wherever they hit, they left a bruise.

At last the boys became furious. All seven of them were not a match for one poor marionette. So they opened their satchels and began to throw their spelling-books. But Pinocchio was quick and had sharp eyes. He always ducked his head just in time. So the books passed over his head and fell into the sea.

Just think how surprised the fish were! They thought the books were something to eat, and they came in shoals. But when they had tasted a page or two, they made wry faces. They seemed to say, "This food isn’t fit to eat. We must have something better than this."

The boys had no more books of their own to throw at Pinocchio, so they opened his satchel and threw his own books at him. Among these was a book bound in strong cardboard. One of the boys took this and aimed it at Pinocchio’s head. But instead of hitting the marionette it struck one of his companions on the temple.

The boy who was hit only said, "O mother,
help! I am dying!” Then he fell at full length on the ground.

His companions thought he was dead and they ran off as fast as their legs would carry them. Pinocchio was the only one to remain. He ran and soaked his handkerchief in the sea and began to bathe the temples of the injured boy.

“Eugene, my poor Eugene,” said he, “open your eyes and look at me. I did not do it. Indeed, it was not I that hurt you so. What shall I do? What shall I do?

“How much better it would have been if I had gone to school! Why did I listen to bad companions? Oh, dear! What will become of me? What will become of me? What will become of me?”

Then Pinocchio began to cry and sob. Suddenly he heard the sound of footsteps. He turned and saw two soldiers.

“What are you doing there on the ground?” they asked.

“I am helping my school-mate,” said Pinocchio.

“Has he been hurt?” asked one of the soldiers.

“So it seems,” said Pinocchio.
He Turned and Saw Two Soldiers
“Indeed he has been hurt,” said the soldier. “There is a cut on his temple. Who hurt him?” “Not I!” said the marionette. “If it was not you, who was it?” asked the soldier.

“Not I,” repeated Pinocchio. “With what was he hurt?” asked the soldier. “With this book,” said the marionette, as he picked up the book and gave it to the soldier. “To whom does this belong?” said the soldier.

“To me,” said Pinocchio. “That is enough,” said the soldier. “Get up and come with us at once.” “But I did not do it,” said Pinocchio. “Come with us,” said the soldier. “But I am innocent,” said Pinocchio. “Come with us,” said both of the soldiers. But before they left, they called to some fishermen who were passing: “This boy has been hurt. We leave him in your care. To-morrow we shall come to see him.”

Then the soldiers placed Pinocchio between them and one of them said, “Forward! And walk quickly or it will be the worse for you.”

So they all started for the village. Pinocchio
hardly knew what he was doing. He thought he must be dreaming. His legs trembled. His tongue stuck fast in his mouth and he could not say a word. But all the time he was thinking that he would have to pass under the window of the Fairy’s house between the soldiers. He would rather have died.

They had already reached the village when a gust of wind blew off Pinocchio’s hat and carried it for more than ten yards.

“Will you allow me to go and get my hat?” asked Pinocchio.

“Go and be quick about it,” said one of the soldiers.

So Pinocchio went and picked up his hat. But he did not put it on his head. He put it between his teeth and began to run as fast as he could toward the sea-shore.

The soldiers thought it would be very hard to overtake him. So they sent after him a large dog named Bruno, who had won the first prize at the dog-show.

Pinocchio ran, but the dog ran faster. The people came to their windows and crowded into the street so they could see the race better. But Pinocchio and the dog raised such clouds of dust
that in a few minutes nothing could be seen of either of them.

**PINOCCHIO JUMPS INTO THE SEA**

There was a moment in this race when Pinocchio thought himself lost. Bruno ran so swiftly that he almost came up with him. The marionette could hear the panting of the dreadful beast behind him. There was not a hand's breadth between them. He could even feel the dog's hot breath.

Fortunately the shore was near, and as soon as he reached it, the marionette made a great leap and landed in the water. A frog could not have done better.

Bruno tried to stop, but he was going so fast that he also went into the sea. The poor dog could not swim. He tried to reach the shore, but he sank under the water. When he rose to the surface, he barked out: “I am drowning! I am drowning!”

“Drown, then,” said Pinocchio.

“Help me, dear Pinocchio!” shouted the dog. “Save me from death!”

Pinocchio had a good heart, and he felt sorry for the dog. So he said: “If I save your life, will you promise not to run after me?”
"I promise! I promise!" screamed the dog. "Be quick for pity's sake! If you wait another minute, I shall be dead!"

Pinocchio did not know what to do; but he remembered that his father said it was always best to be kind to everyone. So he swam to Bruno and took hold of his tail with both hands and brought him safe to land.

The poor dog could not stand. He had drank so much salt water that he was like a balloon. But Pinocchio did not know whether or not he could trust him. So he jumped into the water again. When he had gone some distance from the shore, he called out: "Good-by, Bruno. A pleasant journey to you."

"Good-by, Pinocchio," said the dog. "A thousand thanks for saving my life. If I ever have a chance, I shall be glad to do you a favor."

Pinocchio swam on, but he always kept near the land. At last he thought he had reached a safe place. Among the rocks he saw a kind of cave from which a cloud of smoke was rising.

"In that cave," said he to himself, "there must be a fire. That is very fine. I shall go and dry my clothes and warm myself."

So Pinocchio came near the shore. He was
about to climb upon the rocks when something in the water lifted him into the air. He tried to escape, but it was too late. He was caught in a great net with a shoal of fish of every size and shape. They were struggling and flapping to get out.

Just then a fisherman came out of the cave. He was so ugly that he looked like a monster. When he had drawn the net out of the water he said: "What good luck. To-day I shall have a fine dinner of fish."

"How glad I am that I am not a fish!" said Pinocchio.

The net full of fish was carried into the cave, which was dark and smoky. In the middle of the cave was a large frying-pan full of boiling oil. "Now I shall see what fish I have caught," said the fisherman.

Then he put a great hand into the net and pulled out a handful of mullet.

"These mullet are good!" said he, as he looked at them. Then he threw them into a pan.

As he drew out a handful of fish he would say:

"What good bass!"

"What fine sardines!"
“What excellent crabs!”

I need not tell you that all the fish and the crabs were thrown into the pan together. The last to remain in the net was Pinocchio.

As soon as the fisher-man took him out, he opened his big green eyes with astonishment. Then he said: “What kind of fish is this? I have never eaten fish of this kind.”

The fisher-man turned him over and over and looked at him carefully. At last he said: “I know. He must be a lobster.”

Pinocchio was angry at being mistaken for a lobster.

“Do you think I am a lobster?” he said. “Indeed I am not a lobster. Let me tell you that I am a marionette.”

“A marionette?” said the fisher-man. “To tell the truth, a marionette is a new kind of fish to me; and for that reason I shall eat you with greater pleasure.”

“Eat me?” asked Pinocchio. “Do you intend to eat me? Do you not know that I am not a fish? I talk and think as you do.”

“That is so,” said the fisher-man. “And to show my friendship for you, I will let you choose how you would like to be cooked. Should you like
to be fried in the frying-pan, or should you like to be stewed with tomatoes?"

"If I am to choose," said Pinocchio, "I should like to be set at liberty, so I can return home."

"Are you joking?" asked the fisher-man. "Do you think I would miss the opportunity of eating such a rare fish as you are? It is not every day that marionette fish are caught in these waters. Leave it to me. I will fry you in the frying-pan with the other fish. It is always pleasant to be fried in company."

When he heard this, the unhappy Pinocchio began to scream and beg for mercy. As he sobbed, he said to himself: "How much better it would have been if I had gone to school! But I listened to my bad companions, and now I am paying for it."

All the time he was wiggling like an eel and trying to slip out of the hands of his captor. But it was useless. The fisher-man took a long piece of rope and bound his hands and feet. Then he threw him into the pan with the fish.

He took a bowl of flour and poured it over the fish until they were almost as white as the flour itself, and he began to throw them into the frying-pan.
The first to go into the boiling oil were the poor bass. The crabs followed. Then came the sardines, and at last it was Pinocchio's turn.

**PINOCCHIO IS RESCUED FROM THE FISHER-MAN**

Just as the fisher-man was on the point of throwing Pinocchio into the frying-pan, a large dog entered the cave. He had smelled the frying fish and came to get some of them to eat.

"Get out!" shouted the fisher-man, as he held the floured marionette in his hand.

But the poor dog was hungry and wagged his tail as much as to say: "Give me a mouthful of fish and I will go away."

"Get out, I tell you!" said the fisher-man, as he raised his foot to give the dog a kick.

But the dog only growled and showed his teeth. And just at that moment he heard a voice say: "Save me, Bruno! If you do not save me, I shall be fried!"

The dog knew Pinocchio's voice. So what do you think he did? He made a spring, snatched the bundle from the hand of the fisher-man, and rushed out of the cave like a flash of lightning.

The fisher-man was furious at seeing his fish snatched from him, but the dog was gone before he could do anything to stop him.
The Fisher-man was furious at seeing his fish snatched from him
When Bruno had reached the path that led to the village, he stopped and put Pinocchio gently on the ground.

"I have much to thank you for," said the marionette.

"It is not necessary," said the dog. "You saved me, and now I have saved you. You know we must help each other in this world."

"But how did you happen to come to the cave?" asked Pinocchio.

"I was lying on the shore," said Bruno, "when I smelled fried fish. So I came as quickly as I could. If I had come a second later—"

"Do not mention it," said Pinocchio. "If you had come a second later, I should have been fried and eaten. It makes me shudder to think of it."

Then the dog took the road home, and Pinocchio went to a cottage near by. An old man came to the door, and Pinocchio said: "Kind sir, will you give me some clothes, so I can return home?"

"My boy," said the old man, "I have nothing to give you but a sack in which I keep beans. If that will be of any use to you, you may have it."

Pinocchio did not wait to be told twice. He took the sack at once. Then he borrowed a pair
of scissors and cut a large hole in the bottom of the sack for his head and a small one on each side for his arms and wore it as a shirt.

As Pinocchio went along he said to himself, “How shall I ever show myself to the Fairy in these clothes? Will she ever forgive me for what I have done?”

When he reached the village, it was night and it was very dark. A storm had set in and the rain was coming down in torrents. So he went to the Fairy’s house and hoped to be let in.

But when he came to the place his courage failed him and instead of knocking, he ran away. Soon he returned to the door a second time and gave a little knock.

He waited and waited. At last, after half an hour had passed, a window was opened on the top floor. The house was four stories high. A snail with a lighted candle looked out, and called to him:

“Who is there at this hour?”

“Is the Fairy at home?” asked the marionette.

“The Fairy is asleep and must not be awakened,” said the snail, “but who are you?”

“It is I,” said Pinocchio.
“Is the Fairy at Home?” Asked the Marionette
“Who is I?” asked the snail.
“I am Pinocchio,” said he.
“And who is Pinocchio?” asked the snail.
“The marionette who lives in the Fairy’s house,” said he.
“Oh, yes, I understand,” said the snail. “Wait until I come down and open the door.”
“Be quick, for pity’s sake,” said Pinocchio. “I am dying of cold.”
“My boy, I am a snail,” was the answer, “and am never in a hurry.”

An hour passed, and then two, and the door was not opened. Pinocchio was trembling with cold and fear. At last he had the courage to knock again, and this time he knocked louder.

At this second knock, a window in the lower story opened, and the same snail looked out.

“Beautiful little snail,” cried Pinocchio from the street. “I have been waiting for two hours! And two hours on such a night as this seems longer than two years. Be quick, for pity’s sake.”

“My boy,” answered the calm little animal, “I am a snail, and snails are never in a hurry.”
And the window was shut again.
Shortly afterwards the clock struck mid-
night, then one o’clock, then two o’clock, and the door still remained closed.

Pinocchio at last lost all patience and seized the knocker in a rage. But the iron knocker suddenly turned into an eel, slipped out of his hands and disappeared in the stream of water that ran down the middle of the street.

“Oh! that is the way it works!” shouted Pinocchio in a rage. “Since the knocker has gone, I will kick with all my might.”

He drew back his foot and gave the door a terrible kick. The blow was so hard that his foot went through the door, and he could not draw it back again.

Think of poor Pinocchio! He was obliged to spend the rest of the night with one foot on the ground and the other in the door.

Just as it became light the next morning, the door was at last opened. The clever little snail had taken only nine hours to come down from the fourth story to the ground floor.

“What are you doing with your foot stuck in the door?” she asked laughing.

“It was an accident,” said Pinocchio. “Do try, beautiful little snail, to free my foot from this door.”
“My boy,” said the snail, “that is work for a carpenter, and I have never been a carpenter.”

“Go and ask the Fairy to come,” said Pinocchio.

“The Fairy is asleep,” said the snail.

“But do you suppose I can stay here all day fastened to this door?” asked Pinocchio.

“Amuse yourself by counting the ants that pass down the street,” said the snail.

“At least bring me something to eat,” said the marionette. “I am almost famished.”

“I shall at once,” said the snail.

In about three and a half hours she returned with a silver tray on her head. On the tray was a loaf of bread, a roast chicken, and four ripe apricots.

“Here is the breakfast the Fairy has sent you,” said the snail.

The marionette’s mouth watered at the sight of these good things. But when he began to eat them, he found the bread, the chicken, and the apricots were made of painted plaster.

He wanted to cry. He was about to throw away the tray when he became faint and fell down. When he came to himself, he was lying on a sofa, and the Fairy was leaning over him.
"I will forgive you once more," she said, "but woe to you if you behave badly a third time!"

Pinocchio promised. He even said that he would study, and would always do as she said. And he kept his word for the rest of the year. He went to school and he studied so hard that at the end of the year he stood at the head of his class. The Fairy was much pleased and said to him: "To-morrow you shall have your wish."

"And what will that be?" asked Pinocchio. "To-morrow you shall cease to be a wooden marionette," said the Fairy. "You shall become a real boy."

You cannot imagine Pinocchio's joy at his good fortune. He was to have a real party to which his school-mates were to be invited. He thought it would be a most delightful day.

PINOCCHIO INVITES THE BOYS TO HIS PARTY

Pinocchio asked the Fairy's permission to go and invite the boys to his party. Just before he left, she said: "Go if you like and invite your friends, but remember to return home before dark."
"I promise to be back in an hour," said the marionette.

"Take care, Pinocchio!" said she. "Boys are always ready to promise, but sometimes they do not keep their word."

"But I am not like other boys," said the marionette. "When I say I'll do a thing, I always do it."

"We shall see," said the Fairy. "If you disobey me, so much the worse for you."

"Why?" asked Pinocchio.

"Because boys who do not listen to those who know more than they do, always meet with misfortune," replied the Fairy.

"I shall surely do as you say," said Pinocchio.

Then he bade the Fairy good-by and went out of the house singing and dancing. In less than an hour all of his friends except one were invited.

Among Pinocchio's school-mates was one of whom he was very fond. His name was Romeo, but because he was so thin and straight the boys called him Candlewick.

Candlewick was the laziest and naughtiest boy in school, but he was Pinocchio's favorite.
When he went to invite Candlewick to his party, he was not at home. So he went everywhere looking for him. At last he found him sitting on a porch.

“What are you doing there?” asked Pinocchio.

“I am waiting here, so I can start at midnight,” said Candlewick.

“Where are you going?” asked the marionette.

“Far away, far away, far away,” said Candlewick.

“But I came to invite you to my party,” said Pinocchio.

“I tell you I am going away to-night,” said Candlewick.

“And where are you going?” asked the marionette.

“I am going to live in the most delightful country,” said Candlewick. “It is called the Land of Blockheads. Why do you not come, too?”

“Never!” said he.

“If you do not come, you will be sorry,” said Candlewick. “Where could you find a better country for boys? There are no schools there
and there are no books. There are no lessons to learn."

"How are the days spent in the Land of Blockheads?" asked Pinocchio.

"They are spent in play and fun from morning till night," said Candlewick.

"That is a life that I should be glad to lead," said Pinocchio.

"Then why do you not go with me?" asked Candlewick.

"No, no, no, and again, no," said Pinocchio. "I promised the Fairy to be a good boy, so I shall keep my word. The sun is setting and I must leave you at once. Good-by and a pleasant journey to you."

"Why are you in such a hurry?" asked Candlewick. "In a little while you will see the coach that is to take me to that happy country."

"Are you sure there are no schools in that country?" asked Pinocchio.

"Not one," replied Candlewick.

"I must wait and see you off," said Pinocchio.

In the meantime night had come and it was already dark. Suddenly they saw in the distance a small light moving toward them. They heard voices and the sound of a trumpet.
“Here it is!” shouted Candlewick.
“What is it?” asked Pinocchio in a whisper.
“It is the coach coming to take me,” answered Candlewick. “Will you come with me?”
“Is it true that boys never have to study in that country?” asked the marionette.
“Never, never, never,” said Candlewick.
“What a delightful country,” said Pinocchio.
“What a delightful country!”

PINOCCHIO GOES TO THE LAND OF BLOCKHEADS

At last the coach arrived. It did not make the slightest noise, for its wheels were covered with cotton.

It was drawn by twelve pairs of donkeys. All were of the same size, but were of different colors. But the most wonderful thing of all was that donkeys instead of having shoes like other donkeys wore men’s white kid boots on their feet.

The coach-man was a little man who was broader than he was tall. He had a small round face like an orange and a little mouth that was always laughing. As soon as the boys saw him they fell in love with him.

When the coach stopped, the little man said to Candlewick: “Tell me, my fine boy, do you intend to go to that happy country?”
“I certainly do,” said Candlewick, as he jumped into the coach.

Then the coach-man turned to Pinocchio and said: “My dear little man, are you coming with us or do you remain behind?”

“I remain behind,” said Pinocchio. “I intend to study and become a good boy.”

“Much good may it do you,” said the coach-man.

“Pinocchio, come with us and we shall have such fun,” called Candlewick.

“Come with us and we shall have such fun,” shouted all the boys in the coach.

“Make room for me, and I will come,” replied Pinocchio.

“Come on, then, and don’t waste any more time,” said the coach-man.

Pinocchio obeyed without another word. At day-break they arrived in the Land of Blockheads.

It was unlike every other country in the world. Only boys lived there. The youngest were only eight and the oldest were fourteen.

There were troops of boys everywhere. Some were playing ball. Some rode wooden horses and others were playing hide-and-seek.
In the midst of games and every kind of amusement, the hours, the days, and the weeks passed like lightning.

"Oh, what a delightful place!" said Pinocchio, whenever he met Candlewick.

**PINOCCHIO HAS DONKEY EARS**

One morning when Pinocchio awoke he was very much surprised. He scratched his head and found that his ears had grown to be a foot long. His ears had always been very small, so small that they were not visible to the naked eye, so you can imagine his feelings when he found that they had grown so long they seemed like two brooms.

He tried to find a mirror, so he could see himself, but there was none anywhere. Then he looked in a pail of water and found that he had a pair of donkey’s ears.

He began to cry and roar. He beat his head against the wall, but the more he cried, the longer his ears grew.

At the sound of his cries a beautiful little mouse that lived on the first floor came into the room. Seeing the marionette in such grief, he asked: "What has happened to you?"

"I am ill, my dear little mouse," said Pinoc-
“I am very ill, and my illness frightens me. Can you count my pulse?”

“I will try,” said the mouse, as it crawled up and took hold of Pinocchio’s wrist.

“You have a very bad fever,” said he.

“What kind of fever is it?” asked Pinocchio.

“It is a donkey fever,” said the mouse.

“What do you mean?” gasped Pinocchio.

“I will explain to you,” said the mouse. “In two or three hours you will not be a wooden marionette. You will become a donkey like those who draw carts and carry cabbages to market.”

“Oh! What shall I do?” screamed Pinocchio, as he grabbed his ears and tried to pull them off.

“My dear boy,” said the mouse, “you can do nothing. All boys who dislike books and pass their time in play sooner or later become little donkeys.”

“It is not my fault,” sobbed Pinocchio. “It is all Candlewick’s fault!”

“Who is Candlewick?” asked the mouse.

“He was one of my school-mates,” replied Pinocchio. “I wanted to go to school and study, but he said, ‘Come with me to the Land of Blockheads and play from morning till night.’”
"But why did you follow the advice of a bad companion?" asked the mouse.

"Because," said Pinocchio, "I am a marionette with no sense. I have a wooden head. Why did I leave the Fairy who was so kind to me? I shall go to see Candlewick and tell him what I think of him."

So he went to visit Candlewick and found that he had donkey's ears exactly like his own. They laughed and laughed and laughed until they had to hold their sides. But all at once Candlewick staggered and cried out: "Help! Help! Pinocchio!"

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"I cannot stand up," said Candlewick.

"Nor can I," said Pinocchio as he began to cry.

They both began to run and they ran on their hands and feet. As they ran, their hands became hoofs, their heads became donkey's faces, and their backs were covered with long gray hair. And last of all, their tails began to grow.

They tried to speak, but they only brayed, "Hee-haw! hee-haw!"

Just then some one knocked at the door, and a voice called out: "Open the door! I am the
"You Brayed Well, I Knew Your Voices"
coach-man who brought you to this place. Open at once, or it will be the worse for you!”

The door remained shut, so the little man gave it such a hard kick that it flew open.

“Well done, boys!” said he. “You brayed well, and I knew your voices. That is why I am here.”

Then he led the two donkeys to the market to sell them. Candlewick was bought by a farmer whose donkey had died the day before. Pinocchio was bought by the owner of some trained animals.

I do not know what became of Candlewick, but from that very day Pinocchio lived a very hard life. When he was put into his stall, his master filled the manger with straw, but Pinocchio would not eat it. Then his master filled the manger with hay, but he did not like that either. This made his master angry and he took his whip and began to beat him.

“I will teach you not to be so dainty about your food!” he said. Then he went away.

Pinocchio had not eaten for many hours and he was faint from hunger. As there was nothing else to eat, he ate a little hay.
“This hay is not bad,” he said to himself. “But how much better off I should be if I had stayed with the Fairy. Instead of having hay I might now be eating bread and meat!”

Early the next morning his master came to the stable.

“Get up at once,” said he, “and come with me to the circus. I shall teach you to jump through hoops and to stand on your hind legs and dance.”

Poor Pinocchio! By force or love he had to learn all these things; but it took him three months to learn them and his skin was nearly whipped off.

At last came the day for the circus. Everywhere were posters that read:

Grand Performance
TO-NIGHT
There Will Be Several Acts
By All the Artists
And the Trained Animals
Also the Famous
Little Donkey Pinocchio
Called
The Star of the Dance
Will Make His First Appearance.
That evening the theater was filled an hour before the performance begun. All had come to see Pinocchio dance. When the first acts were over, the leader of the company said:

"Ladies and gentlemen. I have the honor of showing you a celebrated little donkey who has danced before all the kings of Europe."

This speech was received with laughter and the clapping of hands, and before the cheering was ended, Pinocchio ran to the middle of the ring.

He was all dressed up for the occasion. He had a new bridle of patent leather with brass buckles. Tassels hung from his ears and ribbons were tied to his mane and his tail.

The leader turned to Pinocchio and said: "Pinocchio, before you begin to act, bow to the ladies, the gentlemen, and the children."

Pinocchio bent both of his knees until they touched the ground. Then the leader cracked his whip and said: "Walk!"

So Pinocchio walked slowly around the ring. Next the leader said, "Trot!" and Pinocchio did as he was told.

"Gallop!" shouted the leader, and Pinocchio ran like a race-horse.
Suddenly the leader raised his arm and fired off a pistol, and Pinocchio fell down and pretended he was dead. As he rose from the ground he glanced into one of the boxes and saw a beautiful lady with a gold chain about her neck. Hanging from the chain was a locket in which was a picture of a marionette.

“That is my picture,” thought Pinocchio, “and that is the Fairy.”

He tried to call out: “O my little Fairy!” but he only said, “Hee-haw! hee-haw!”

Everybody laughed and Pinocchio was dreadfully ashamed, and when he looked toward the box again the Fairy was nowhere to be seen.

“Now, Pinocchio, let these folks see how well you can jump through this hoop,” said the leader, as he held up a hoop covered with paper.

Pinocchio tried three times, but each time he found it easier to go under the hoop than to jump through it, but his right foot caught in the hoop and he fell heavily to the ground. When he got up, he was lame and he was hardly able to return to the stable.

“Bring out Pinocchio! Bring out the little donkey!” shouted the children; but the little donkey was seen no more that night.
INSTEAD OF A DEAD DONKEY, HE PULLED UP A LIVE MARIONETTE
Next morning the animal doctor came to see Pinocchio, and said he would be lame for life. Then the leader called the stable-boy.

“What do I want with a lame donkey?” he asked. “Take him to the market and sell him.”

“How much do you want for that lame donkey?” asked a man at the market.

“Twenty shillings,” said the stable-boy.

“I will give you twenty cents,” said the man. “Don’t think I am buying him to use. I am buying him for his skin. I see his skin is very hard, and I want it to make a drum for the band in our village.”

You can imagine Pinocchio’s feeling when he heard he was to become a drum.

As soon as the man had paid the twenty cents, he led the little donkey to the seashore. He tied a heavy stone to his neck and fastened another rope to one of his legs. Then he pushed him into the water.

Pinocchio went to the bottom, and his owner, still holding the rope, sat down to wait until he was drowned.

When Pinocchio had been under water for an hour his owner said to himself: “My poor
little lame donkey must be drowned by this time. I will pull him out of the water and make a drum of his skin.”

He began to haul in the rope that he had tied to the donkey’s leg; and he hauled and he hauled, until what do you think appeared above the water? Instead of a dead donkey, he pulled up a live marionette, who was wriggling like an eel.

Seeing the wooden marionette, the poor man was so astonished that he stood with his mouth open and his eyes starting out of his head.

As soon as he could speak, he asked in a trembling voice: “Where is the little donkey that I threw into the water?”

“I am the little donkey,” said Pinocchio, laughing.

“Oh, you little scamp,” said the man, “how do you dare to make sport of me?”

“I am not making sport of you,” said the marionette. “I am telling you the truth.”

“If you were a donkey a short time ago,” asked the man, “how did you become a wooden marionette?”

“It must have been the sea-water,” said Pinocchio. “The sea makes great changes.”

“Beware, marionette, beware,” said the man.
"If you will untie the rope from my leg, I will tell you all that happened."

The good man wished to hear the story, so he untied the knot. Then Pinocchio said: "Once I was a marionette, as I am now, but I did not like to study and ran away from home. One day I was changed into a donkey, and I was sold to you."

"That is too true!" said the man. "I paid twenty cents for you. Now who will give me back my poor pennies?"

"One word more and my story will be ended," said Pinocchio. "When you threw me into the water, the fish came and ate all my flesh, and so when you pulled up the rope you found a live marionette instead of a dead donkey."

"I spent twenty cents to buy you," said the man, "and I will have my money back. I will take you to the market and sell you as dry wood for lighting fires."

"Sell me if you like," said Pinocchio, as he gave a spring and plunged into the water.

Swimming gayly away from the shore, Pinocchio called to his poor owner: "Good-by, master. If you should be in want of a skin to make a drum, remember me."
When he had gone a little farther, he turned around and shouted back: "Good-by, master. If you should be in want of a little dry wood for lighting the fire, remember me."

Pinocchio swam so fast that in a little while he was out of sight of land. All at once he saw a sea-monster coming toward him with his mouth open. This was the dog-fish who had been mentioned before in this story.

Pinocchio tried to escape, but the dog-fish overtook him and swallowed him. He fell into the monster's stomach with such force that he was stunned and lay as if he were dead.

When he came to himself his poor father, Gepetto, was standing beside him; for the dog-fish had swallowed him many days before.

Although he was so delighted to see his father, Pinocchio saw that the dog-fish was asleep.

"There is not a moment to lose," said he. "We must jump into the sea and swim away,"

"I cannot swim," said Gepetto.

"But I am made of wood and will float," said the marionette. "I will carry you on my shoulders."

So they cast themselves into the sea and es-
capéd. When they reached the shore, Pinocchio sprang to the land and helped his poor father to do the same.

Pinocchio offered his arm to Gepetto and said:

"Lean on my arm, dear papa, and let us go. We will walk very slowly like the ants and when we are tired, we can rest by the road-side."

"And where shall we go?" asked Gepetto.

"To find some house where the people will give us a mouthful of bread and a little straw for a bed," said Pinocchio.

THE COTTAGE

They had gone only a short distance when they saw a little cottage. Its sides were made of straw and the roof was covered with tiles.

"Some one must live here," said Pinocchio.

"Let us go and knock at the door."

So they went and knocked.

"Who is there?" said a little voice from within.

"We are a poor father and son without bread and without a roof," answered the marionette.

"Turn the key and the door will open," said the same little voice.
Pinocchio turned the key and the door opened. They went in, looked here and there and everywhere, but could see no one.

"Oh! where is the master of the house?" asked Pinocchio.

"Here I am up here," said the voice.

The father and son looked up to the ceiling, and there on a beam they saw the Talking Cricket.

"O my dear little Cricket!" said Pinocchio.

"Ah!" said the Cricket. "Now you call me your dear little Cricket. Do you remember the time you hit me with the mallet to drive me from your house?"

"You are right, Cricket," said Pinocchio. "Drive me away. Throw the mallet at me, but have pity on my poor papa."

"I will have pity on both father and son," said the Cricket, "but I wish to remind you that we should always be kind to everybody we meet. Then we can expect them to be kind to us in our hour of need."

"You are right, Talking Cricket, you are right. I shall remember the lesson you have taught me," said Pinocchio.

Then he made a bed of straw for Gepetto to
lie on. When he had done this, he asked the Cricket, "Where can I find a glass of milk for my poor papa?"

"Three fields off from here there lives a gardener who keeps cows," said the Cricket. "Go to him and get the milk you are in want of."

Pinocchio ran all the way to the gardener's house.

"How much milk do you want?" asked the gardener.

"I want a glassful," said Pinocchio.

"A glassful of milk costs a halfpenny," said the gardener. "Begin by giving me the halfpenny."

"I have no money," replied Pinocchio sadly.

"That is very bad, marionette," said the gardener. "If you have no halfpenny, I have no milk."

"It is too bad," said Pinocchio as he turned to go away.

"Wait a minute," said the gardener. "Perhaps we can make a bargain. Will you turn the pumping machine for me?"

"What is the pumping machine?" asked Pinocchio.

"It is a wooden pole," said the gardener. "It
is used to draw up water from the well to water the garden.”

“You can try me,” said Pinocchio.

“Well, then,” said the gardener, “if you will draw up a hundred buckets of water, you may have a glass of milk for your pay.”

“It is a bargain,” said Pinocchio.

The gardener led him to the garden and taught him how to turn the pumping machine. Pinocchio began to work at once. Before he had drawn up the hundred buckets of water, he was perspiring from his head to his feet. Never before had he done such hard work.

When he had finished his task, Pinocchio took the glassful of milk to the home of the Talking Cricket. And from that day for more than five months he got up early in the morning and went to turn the pumping machine. In this way he earned the milk that was of such benefit to his father with his poor health.

He also learned to make baskets of rushes, and with the money he sold them for he was able to provide for all their daily wants; and he managed to save forty cents with which to buy himself a new coat.

One day he said to his father: “I am going
The Gardener Taught Him How to Turn the Pumping Machine
to the store to buy myself a new coat. When I return I shall be so well dressed that you will take me for a gentleman."

He left the house and ran merrily along. All at once he heard himself called by name. He turned and saw the servant of the Fairy with blue hair.

"And how is my little Fairy?" he asked.

"My dear Pinocchio," said the servant, "the Fairy is lying in bed at the hospital. She is so poor that she has not enough to buy herself a mouthful of bread."

"Is it really so?" asked Pinocchio. "Poor Fairy! Poor Fairy! If I had a million dollars, I would give them all to her. But I have only forty cents. Here they are. I was going to buy a new coat, but take the money to her at once."

"And what about your new coat?" asked the servant.

"What does my new coat matter?" asked Pinocchio. "I would sell these rags that I have on to help the Fairy. Come back again in two days, and I shall then be able to give you some more money."

That night instead of going to bed at ten o'clock, Pinocchio sat up till midnight. So in-
stead of making eight baskets, he made sixteen. Then he went to bed and fell asleep. While he slept, he dreamed of the Fairy, and when he awoke it was morning.

**PINOCCHIO BECOMES A REAL BOY**

But think how surprised Pinocchio was when he awoke. He was no longer a wooden marionette. He had become a boy like other boys. He jumped out of bed and found a new suit of clothes, a new cap and a new pair of shoes that just fitted him.

As soon as he was dressed, he put his hands into his pockets and pulled out a little purse on which was written these words: “The Fairy with the blue hair returns the forty cents to her dear Pinocchio. She thanks him for his good heart.”

Pinocchio opened the purse, and instead of forty pennies, he found forty shining gold pieces. Then he went and looked at himself in the mirror. He thought he was some one else. For he did not see a wooden marionette, but a bright looking boy with brown hair and blue eyes. He looked as happy as if it were the Easter holidays.

“Where can my papa be?” said he.

Then he went into the next room and found
Gepetto. He was well again, and had taken up his work of wood-carving.

"Papa," said Pinocchio, as he threw his arms around his neck, "what has made this sudden change in our home?"

"You have made the change," said Gepetto.

"How?" asked Pinocchio.

"When bad boys become good boys they bring happiness to their families," said Gepetto.

"And where has that old wooden marionette gone?" he asked.

"There it is," answered Gepetto, as he pointed to a marionette that was leaning against a chair.

Its head was on one side. Its arms were dangling, and its legs were so crooked it was a wonder that it was able to stand.

Pinocchio looked at it, and then said: "How foolish I was when I was a marionette! I am glad that I have become a good little boy."